CHICAGO LEDGER

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HARRY R. GRISSINGER

ALLATAMBOUR

A Fascinating Story Staged Among the Man-Eating Savages of the

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

THE ONLY 5¢ FICTION WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS

CHICAGO LEDGER

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The Problem of Tips.

"MY GOODNESS!" exclaimed Aunt Mary, flurried, across the table of the restaurant to her nice, "how much ought you to tip at these places? Look around, Mabel, and see what that fat woman is leaving on her table!"

The waiter was hovering around their table with an assumed air of nonchalance that poorly disguised a look of expectancy. It was plain to Aunt Mary, inexperienced as she was to New York life, that something must be forthcoming from her.

So Niece Mabel, under pretense of adjusting her hat before the mirror, took a glance at the fat lady at the table back of them and saw her in the act of extracting a buffalo nickel from her mesh bag.

But Mabel, if you had applied the principles of psychology you learned at college, you need not have resorted to such a subterfuge.

Look around, Mabel, and you will see a simple way of finding out how much each tipster tips.

Nowhere does reflex action mirror itself so clearly and effectively as in the bland faces and subtle actions of the gentlemen who supply you with your soup and beef.

Note first the waiter beside the table of the fat woman. His intelligent eye appraises the coin in silence. In silence, too, he brushes it into his palm, with the merest possible inclination of his head. As silently he disappears to another table.

Wouldn't you have known without glimpsing the stamp of the buffalo that the fat lady mentioned left the nickel?

A smile, dignified but impressive, and a polite "Thank you," are the reward of the man in the derby hat. In all probability he has supplemented his buffalo nickel with a ten-cent piece.

Next, Mary, observe the large angular woman whose arms are being guided into her coat by a solicitous waiter. His stern face has relaxed into a sociable smile. He is inviting her cordially to call again.

She has left a quarter reposing on her table.

"Let me help you, sir."

All genial smiles is the obsequious waiter who hovers around the gentleman with spats—a towering florid-faced individual with a wart on his chin and a cigar protruding from his mouth at an angle of 66 2-3 degrees.

Did you see how the waiter pulled back his chair? Hastened to anticipate him to the hatrack and extended his inverted coat with the air of one who holds the royal robe for one of state? Unhooks his cane (of course, such an individual carries a cane)? Gathers up his yellow gloves and graciously presents them to the owner?

Gee whiz, Mabel, that fellow must have left one whole dollar bill beside his glass of water!

Lastly, you see the small fellow who squirms unaided and nervously into his overcoat. He tries to be nonchalant as he takes up his hat. Accidentally meets the waiter's eye, flushes and looks hastily away. Throws out his chest as he rises and tries to look as tho here is a man who had no affiliation with the United Order of Pickpockets, has never held up a train or looted a bank. But he is unconvincing. Attempts to hum a tune going out, but makes an awful mess of it.

He has fooled no one, Mabel.

In silent amusement the rest of the diners watch this bit of byplay, and a lesson is deeply engraved upon the mind of every one of them.

As for the waiter, rigid as a statue, majestic in silent scorn, he stands beside the abandoned table. His cold, silent gaze, relentless as a Nemesis, pursues the miserable creature until the front door slams behind the most uncomfortable man in New York.

That, Mabel, was the man who did not tip at all.

* * *

Boasters and Buglers.

TWO Tommies are boasting about their company buglers, so the story goes:

"Get along," jeered one, "you haven't got a bugler in your company. Why, in our company we've got a man who when he puts his lips to the mouthpiece to play the calls they sound just like the old home village's crack cornet player playing 'That Old-fashioned Mother of Mine.'"

"That's right, pitch the yarn," retorted the other. "You're just about getting up to your neck in trouble. Go on, my son."

Unconcerned, the first speaker continued with his eulogy of his company's bugler.

"When he plays the 'Retreat' every evening, why, the birds all stop singing to listen, and the old sun lingers for a farewell peep over the horizon just to hear our bugler play."

"Well," replied the other, "if you want music, you're all right, but if you want food, you ought to hear our bugler play 'Cookhouse Door.' A real hypnotic bugler is our boy. Why, when I hear him play, I look at my stew and potatoes, and say: 'Strawberries, behave yourself, you're crowding the cream off my plate.'"

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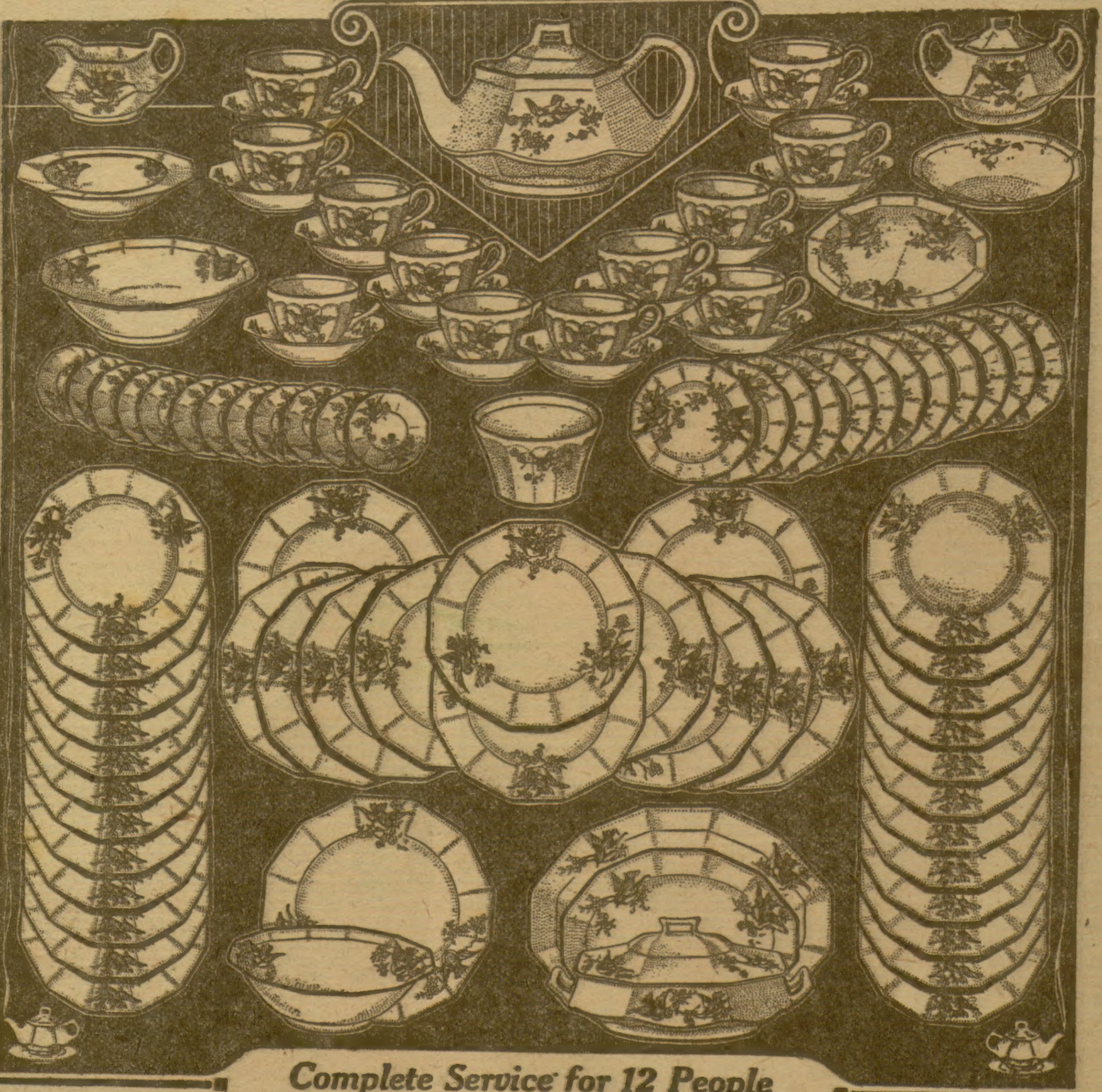

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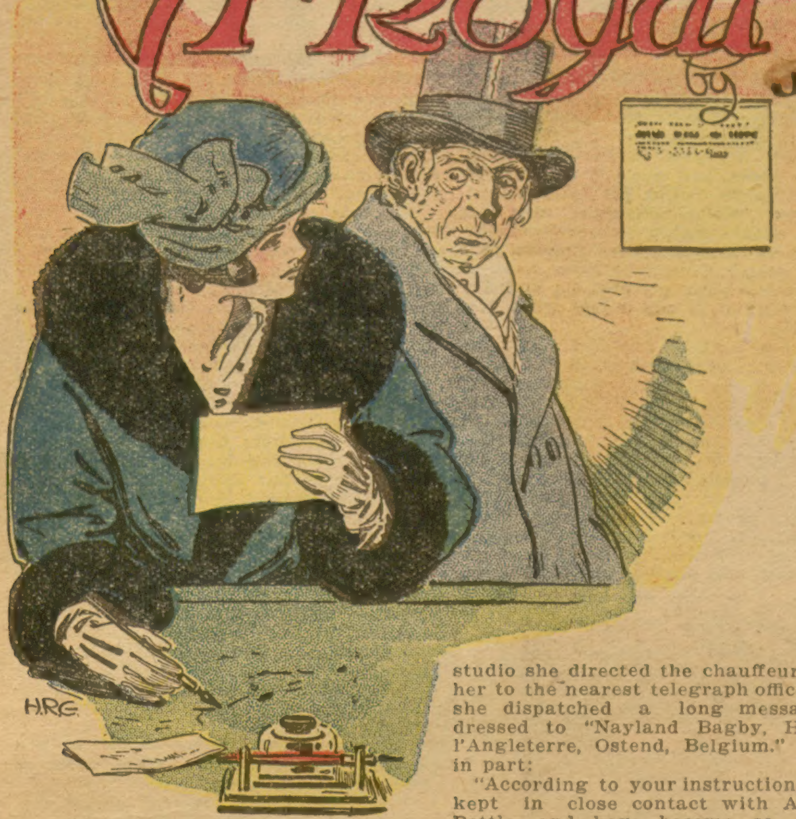
A Royal Riddle

by J. C. KOFOED



Joy Felt Some One Crowding Her, and Turned to Find a Man Looking Over Her Shoulder.

IT WAS Augustus Pottle's "Chinese Day." In his big studio near the Luxembourg Gardens he had gathered his jades and porcelains, embroideries, mandarin robes and all the other expensive frippery of the ancient Orient that he had accumulated in a lifetime's wandering. Here he invited his friends to eat his caviar, to drink his whisky and admire his collection. The first two they did with avidity; the latter with fairly well concealed boredom.

They were not elegantes. As a matter of fact, they were Latin Quarter folk, mostly, long-haired men and short-haired women—dabblers in the arts—who talked too loudly and laughed too much. There were one or two British officers, with reputations none too spotless, a wine merchant, a very pretty woman in a framboise organdie gown, whom no one seemed to know—and Joy Hudson.

Joy, it was, after all, who was the life of the party. Her blond, slenderly rounded beauty and active grace had made her the most popular dancer in Paris. In this blatant crowd she scintillated like a flame-tip in the darkness.

Pottle strolled over to her midway in the celebration that was already over into the license of a bal des jockeys. His fat, red face was shiny with perspiration. Beads of it stood out on the flesh bulging over his collar. He brought the woman in the red organdie dress with him, and said in his usual off-hand way:

"You know Mademoiselle Audebert, don't you, Joy?"

The little dancer nodded pleasantly. She had seen that lady with Pottle at the Madrid, Armenonville and other gay resorts of the wealthy. It was common gossip, also, that Juliette Audebert's brother had been engaged as Pottle's chauffeur—gossip, at least, among those who had closed their salons to Augustus Pottle. The irresponsibles thronging the studio knew nothing of that, apparently, tho it would scarcely matter to them. Joy was not snobbish enough to care about it, either, but there was a peculiar twist to the situation that kept her guessing. She felt in her bones that something was going on below the surface.

"I wanted to tell you first," said Pottle clumsily. "You see—I—she—that is, we are going to get married."

Mademoiselle Audebert held out her left hand on which glittered an enormous solitaire.

"Oh, isn't it a beauty!" breathed Joy. "Congratulations—and to you, too—Mr. Pottle. Really, you need some one to take care of you. Every man does."

"Ra-ther," grunted the fat man heavily.

"And now," said Joy Hudson, "I must be trotting along."

"No."

"I really must. You know my work is rather strenuous, and I must have rest. I've enjoyed myself immensely. Congratulations again, mademoiselle."

Her limousine was waiting, and Joy whirled away, but not to her apartment. When she was out of sight of Pottle's studio she directed the chauffeur to take her to the nearest telegraph office. There she dispatched a long message, addressed to "Nayland Bagby, Hotel de l'Angleterre, Ostend, Belgium." It said in part:

"According to your instructions, I have kept in close contact with Augustus Pottle, and have become so friendly with him that I have access to his studio at all times. Under his mask of a dilettante in art he is still the clever crook of old. From what papers of his I have been able to examine I sense a plot on foot directed against the King of Molravia, who is staying in Paris, tho I am unable to state what form it will take. Pottle's wife has appeared here, after a year of conspicuous absence. She is known by her maiden name of Juliette Audebert, and today Pottle announced his engagement to her. It is quite evident that she has been doing some work that made it inadvisable for her to be known as his wife, and now that it is finished, they are going thru the formality of another ceremony, so there will be no damaging gossip when they live together. Pottle has also engaged Juliette's brother, Etienne, as chauffeur——"

Joy felt some one crowding her and turned to find a man looking over her shoulder. It did not matter particularly, for the letter was in cipher, but the spying angered her. She recognized the fellow as Muggins, an ex-London cabby, who had been driving a taxi in Paris for years. Every one in the American and English colonies knew the old fool, who was chronically soused with cheap red wine, but whose knowledge of the city and its inhabitants was almost encyclopaedic. Joy knew of no reason in the world why he should be interested in her telegrams.

"What do you mean by this, Muggins?" she asked reprovingly.

"What, miss?"

"Reading what I am writing."

His suffused features assumed the look of a wounded martyr. "I don't know what you're talkin' about, miss," he whined. "It's a telegram that I'm lookin' to the answer from as mild and respectable as ever was, an' you come, accusin'——" He snuffled and wiped his nose of his sleeve. As the dancer had turned her back on him he darted her a venomous look, and scuffed his way out.

Joy hesitated, her pencil hovering over the pad. She was tempted to add a warning concerning Muggins, but, after all, there probably was nothing in the incident. The clerk corroborated the cabby's statement that he had sent a telegram that day. It was addressed to his mother in Mincemeat Lane, Whitechapel, London, so Joy reproved herself for being silly, and merely added that she thought Bagby should return to Paris as soon as possible.

When she entered her limousine again and pulled the silken lap robe across her knees she experienced a dragged-out, tired feeling. The work was beginning to tell on her. It was not merely that the combined roles of premier danseuse of the Opera Comique and chief assistant to the United States Government's chief criminological expert—abroad—were too heavy. While Nayland Bagby was in Paris his presence stimulated her. She felt a deep joy in helping him. No work was too hard when Joy knew that his queer little smile of approval would greet her at its conclusion. When he departed for Ostend that light of inspiration went out. She felt like a little girl entirely surrounded by ravenous wolves. True enough, she was on good terms with the wolves, but if they ever guessed that she was Nayland Bagby's assistant her life would not be worth a sou. Augustus Pottle had never scrupled to kill—and kill in such a way that the law never laid its hand on his sleeve.

And tho she scolded herself for a coward with an old woman's fears, Joy Hudson could not get out of her mind the picture of Muggins' grizzled old mask of a face peering over her shoulder. He was harmless and stupid, and he couldn't have read the cipher if he was as clever as Talleyrand, but—she could not dismiss a cold little fear that clutched at her heart. Oh, how she wished that Nayland would come back!

II.

BEFORE the Ostend-Paris express, on which Nayland Bagby had engaged passage, was under way two minutes a bullet shattered the glass of the window beside which he was seated. So he spent the remainder of the journey flat on his back, smoking cigarettes, and wondering about the telegram that had brought him in such a hurry from the Belgian resort. It said:

> The Crown Prince of Molravia was abducted from a box in the Opera at Paris last night. Warnings have been sent to police headquarters in every European country and to America. The King of Molravia, cognizant of your ability, urges that you come to Paris at once to assist in the search. You may name your own fee. The Crown Prince Rupert is 10 years of age, sturdily built, with blue eyes and yellow hair. When last seen he was wearing blue serge trousers, an Eton jacket and rolling white collar. This information is appended in the event of your taking any steps before arriving here. Kindly report to General Melnich, Chief of Staff to King Phillip of Mulravia, on reaching Paris.
>
> (Signed) MELNICH.

Bagby felt fairly sure in his own mind that Pottle's fingers were in this. It required the sort of finesse in which he delighted, and it promised an enormous ransom. Joy's reports on the American adventurer had made Bagby expect something spectacular. If nothing else, those bullets that had come cracking thru the night were excellent signs that Pottle was on the job, for no other of Bagby's enemies was at large in Europe.

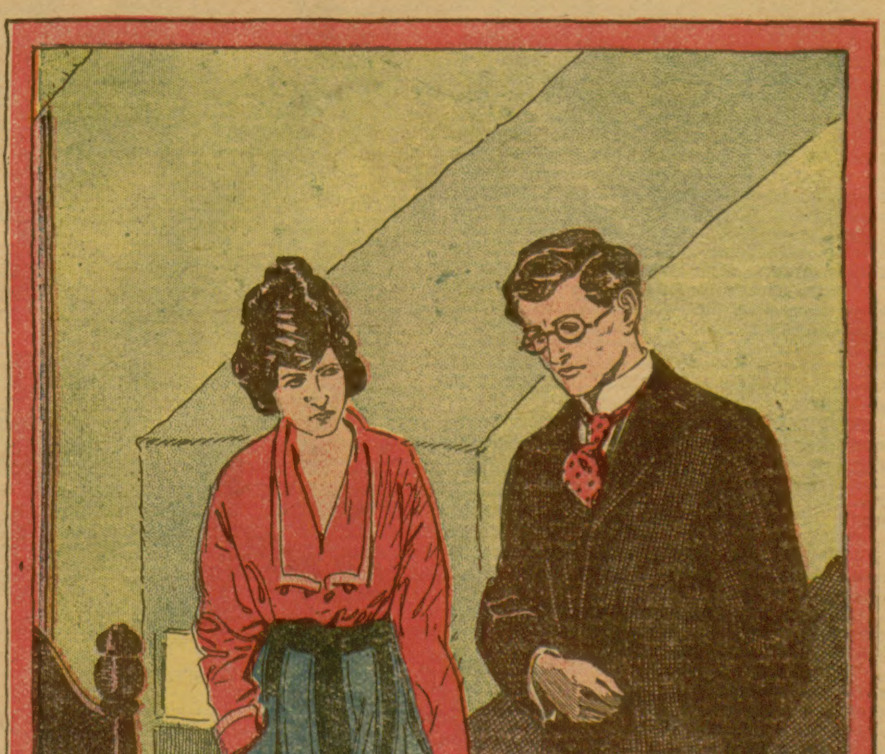
As to the case itself, the detective was more interested in recovering the child than in securing the reward. Kidnaping had always impressed him, as it does most people, as the lowest and meanest of crimes. It is not one that is indigenous to the soil of the United States. Perhaps that is why it is the most unpopular of all crimes with Americans.

There was one peculiar thing about the telegram. With a carelessness very characteristic of the Molravian character, General Melnich had forgotten to spend his address. Paris was crammed with petty royalty. Consequently the monarch of a kingdom the size of Molravia would not be a very outstanding figure. The papers published nothing concerning the case, so he found no address there. Of course, he could telephone Joy as soon as he landed in Paris, but he wanted to wait until he had learned all he could from the king, and then have some time free with her. Then, there was the police. But he had experienced official jealousy before when he had entered cases in which large rewards were offered, and he wanted to take them as little as possible into his confidence.

In person, Nayland Bagby was not one to inspire enthusiasm, for his general effect was that of dried-up detachment. He wore a tousled mass of nondescript hair, a pallid face and enormous glasses. His collar had a bluish sheen, and the tie usually slipped down, exposing the brass stud. On the other hand, there was an undeniably trim cut to the face that gave it an unexpected air of briskness. The nose was bold, and the long, straight mouth belonged to a man of action. In the past he had shown himself to possess what the French call "elan—a mocking fearlessness of known and unknown dangers. Professionally his status in American criminological circles was analogous to that of Doctor Dugglemann of Lausanne in Europe. That is to say, he stood alone in the field.

It was this reputation, of course, that had impelled King Phillip to wire him for assistance. Reputations are dangerous things sometimes, as witness the attempt on his life as the train left Ostend. When he descended at the Belgian-French frontier, while engines were

(Continued on Page 17.)



He Was Breathing Stertoriously and Occasionally His Body Twitched in a Spasm of Pain.

The Substitute

By Will H. Greenfield

"YOU are absolutely funny, Mr. Blake!" laughed Evelyn Cherry. "Why did you tell me you could act?"

"Well, I imagined it was easy," gravely responded Jack Blake, ruefully conscious of his incompetency. "I took twelve lessons from a school of acting in the West."

"Oh! And you are a Western man?"

"No, I—I took a correspondence course."

Again that delicious laugh of Evelyn Cherry's—a laugh of sheer enjoyment that bubbled musically from her beautiful throat and glinted and danced in her sparkling eyes.

"Excuse me," she choked, her mirth swelling beyond all restraint.

Jack Blake looked around uncomfortably, glad to find that they were momentarily alone in the big studio. He twisted a sample lesson he had hidden in his coat pocket and began to realize how ridiculous it had made him. It advised the beginner to rehearse privately in his own room, facing a mirror; by diagrams of positions, he was instructed to register despair by wringing his hands together and gazing at the floor; hope, by extending the right hand toward the mirror and smiling; joy, clasping both hands and gazing heavenward with a smile; anger, by clinching the fists and frowning; and so on thru a perfectly absurd rigmarole which he had servilely followed for Miss Cherry's exclusive benefit in the hope of landing an engagement as an extra man with the Ruby Reel Film Company. He had encountered the great Ruby star, Miss Cherry, after winning his way past the outer sentries, and in a spirit of playful mischief she had amused herself putting him thru his paces. He saw now that she had been poking fun at him all the time, and he suffered a strange, quick sense of displeasure at the sight of her open mirth.

"Enjoy yourself," he almost snarled at her. "It's a good thing you belong to the softer sex or you'd be laughing on the other side of your face. I want you to know——"

But her merriment, increasing in force and purity, made him break off in futile disgust. He was wondering whether it would be best to take his leave when Miss Cherry, her laugh out, drew a dainty handkerchief from her bosom and tenderly patted her eyes.

"Maybe," she said brightly, "maybe you would make a hit playing the part of a movie-mad youth—if you could compel yourself to be natural. Really, you are not seriously trying to break into the movies, are you? You'll need such a wonderful lot of improvement to make good. Am I cruel, young sir?"

"No," he said in acid tones, "you can't hurt me; and in the matter of acting you are an expert to whose judgment I must defer. I am satisfied that I know as much about your profession as I do about obscure points of eccleastical polity."

"A highbrow!" she exclaimed with an adorable grimace. "You want me to read a scenario you have concealed about your person; you have been kiddin' me, Gus! I must say your tactics have been distinctly unsportsmanlike!"

"Don't worry—I can't write! I'm not a brainy cove, sister, and you know I can't act—like a movie actor! I can't——"

"Please, mister, mention one thing you can do!" Her voice was soft, liquid, perfect, but it held a sting.

"I can box!" Blake's face flushed with sudden animation. "I live in the city and nobody has sold me the city hall for over a week. Can you use a pug who is not too proud to fight anybody on the premises?"

"Sure! Didn't you know we wanted a man to box with 'Spider' Craig in 'The Champion's Princess'?" Or did you?"

"I came to box Champion Craig inasmuch as you folks advertised for an amateur boxer who must be educated. How do I look to you?"

"Absolutely ripping—as a boxer. You can't act any more than Mr. Spider Craig, and he tries harder than you."

"Thank you." Blake smiled for the first time. "Can you tell me where to find Mr. Craig, or whoever hires the boxers? I promise not to act."

"Follow me, Mr. Blake," she laughed, and he did, with the firm conviction that Wordsworth was thinking of her prototype when he sang, "Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves."

BLAKE was brought to a halt in a set which pictured an apple grove and held two men—Johnny Thompson, manager of the Champion, Spider Craig, and the latter celebrity himself.

"This is Jack Blake, gentlemen," announced Evelyn Cherry without preamble. "He says he can box. I hadn't time to try him out, but he might be the person you are looking for. See you all later. The director beckons with inexorable finger!"

The champion and his manager scrutinized Blake as if they were inspecting a blooded horse. They saw a tall, broad-shouldered blond youth with sleepy blue eyes who spoke with a certain mixture of pride and humility. Sunburned, soldierly and unaffected, he had ease and grace of movement combined with supple strength.

"Are you an amateur?" inquired Johnny Thompson with some skepticism.

"I have never boxed for money till now."

"What have you done with the mitts?"

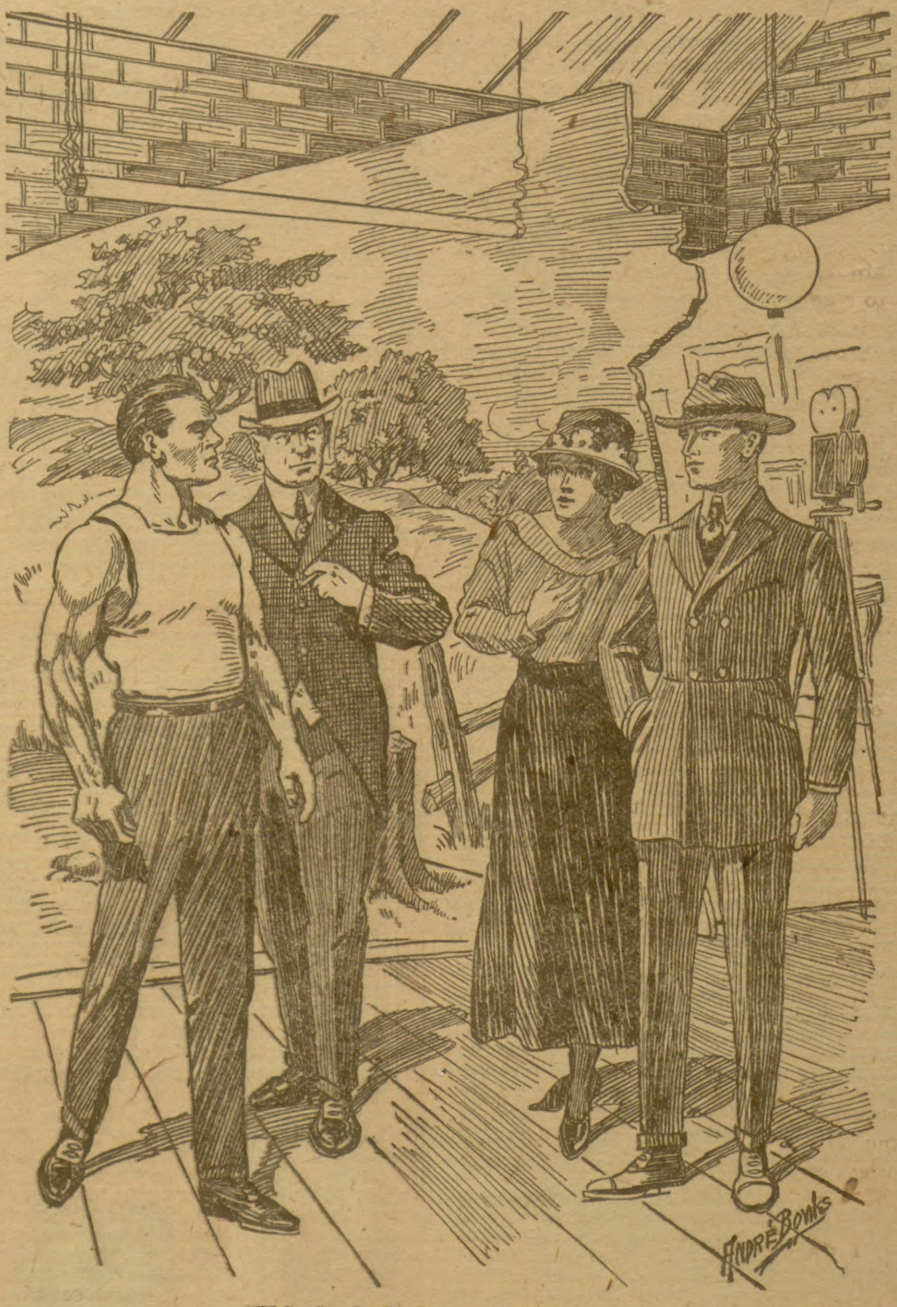
"I won the collegiate championship last year."

Spider Craig gave a throaty chuckle.

"He'll do, Johnny," he said brusquely. "No danger from the rah-rah style."

He contrived to inject a tone of subtle contempt into his speech, but Blake affected not to heed.

"We'll try you out now," said Thompson crisply. "Spider will tell you where to dress."



"This Is Jack Blake, Gentlemen."

After the try-out Blake again met Evelyn Cherry and he was leaving the movie studio.

"Hello!" she hailed gayly. "Hired or fired? O-oh, look at the black eye!"

"Hired," he retorted. "Hired and soundly thrashed."

"Quit?"

"Not yet."

"But soon?"

"When I can lick him—no sooner!"

Her white forehead puckered daintily and her look mellowed.

"He's mean-spirited and picayune," she said slowly, but with a kindlier note in her voice; "but you can't wish to work with him and for him until——"

"I lick him—yes, I will." The fire of irrevocable decision was in his eyes. "He's all brute. Maybe I thought too well of my own abilities, but no decent fellow would have—well, it's no matter. He mauled me to his heart's content and then said, 'If you ain't like the other college curs I've manhandled, come back tomorrow and get a job. You can stand the gaff pretty good'."

"The dirty villain!" She spoke without stopping to choose her words. "I hope you kill him. He's disgusting!"

"Do you find him so?"

"Never mind me." She shook her head with a slow, gentle smile. "I can take care of myself."

"And I," he said bitterly, "only thought I could."

"Blake," said Spider Craig the next day before donning the gloves with the new punching bag he sardonically termed his sparring partner, "I kinda think you'll do, and if you can keep your nose clean and not try to get gay with your Uncle Fuller I'll learn you a few things. We're rehearsin' now for the great movie which was written for me by Harry Birdsong, the famous author, and which Cherry is goin' to star in. You mind your p's and q's and I'll have you playin' in the movie when it's put on. Get me?"

Blake was plainly grateful that the great Craig remembered with kindness so inconsequential an atom as himself, and when he said so Evelyn Cherry should have seen the fine histrionic art he displayed. But instead she saw Spider Craig box him six four-minute rounds and punish him without mercy.

"I like the way you take the gaff," grinned the champion at the conclusion of the bout. "I think I can learn you a coupla good wrinkles, and if I keep on likin' you I can make you the next champion. I've got all the money I want. There's nobody to grab the title I hold because I've licked 'em all. After this movie stunt I'm goin' to marry and see life. I've been in strict trainin' since I was a mere boy. Watch your step, Jacky, and I'll make you a champ."

"Still alive?" Evelyn Cherry greeted him at the big gate. "And only two blue eyes! Mr. Craig is becoming too lenient, isn't he?"

"Oh, I'm coming back tomorrow," he declared soberly. "I'm satisfied the Spider has a lot of useful things to show me. He says I'm the sort of sparring partner he likes."

"No doubt, but how long are you going to like it?"

"Until I have his little bag of tricks safely tucked away in the pigeonhole of memory."

"You are content to play second fiddle to that brute?"

"Yes, indeed! 'Fancy the horror of an orchestra made up entirely of first violins!"

IT WAS apparent to all that Spider Craig surveyed Evelyn Cherry with a covetous eye. He became her shadow, and by a thousand tender, if crude, assiduities tried to win her tolerance and respect.

He was gravely aware that he was a clever boxer, but he was also acutely conscious that he was not unbeatable.

"I know what the old title is worth, girlie," he told the little actress. "I ain't givin' any bloke a finish fight, and them that gets a limited bout to a decision are cream puffs—guys that can't put me away. Besides, there's nobody around to give me a real fight."

"Are you preparing Mr. Blake for the championship then—will he be your successor?"

"Ha, ha! That's a good one! I josh him along them there lines to keep him on the job. Why should I help an educated guy when there's dozens like me in the game that'll pay big money for a look-in? You don't understand the game, girlie. There's another hundred thousand comin' to me outa the business, and it'll take fifty thousand cold for a peep at the title. Some day I'll wise you up. How about a supper tonight?"

Across the little table with its opal-shaded candle and its trickery of glass and silver Spider Craig looked blithely into Evelyn's eyes and told her of his big scheme.

"Bull Kitson is your next champion," he announced with portentious mien. "I pull out with fifty thousand dollars for layin' down to him, and he gives me a return fight and lays down to me. See how it goes? Then look at the money we can haul in on bets. When you know how to bet it ain't hard to win."

"Why, you could keep that up indefinitely, Mr. Craig."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, with first Kitson and then you winning the title. My, what a lot of money you will have."

"You like lots of money, don't you, girlie?" he questioned breathlessly. "I got a lot now, and I'll have a whole lot more, and you can have it all—every d—n cent of it if you'll marry me." He seized her hands with a low ejaculation. "You're the only girl in the world I'd give a picayune for!"

He clung to her reluctant hands with eager, ecstatic expectancy.

"What do you say?" he demanded hoarsely. "Will we get married and look the world over?"

"As you are strong, be merciful!" she whispered. "I must have time to think it over—time to get better acquainted with you and with my own heart. I can't give you my answer for months."

"Take your time!" he almost shouted from joy. "If you can consider the likes of me at all I'm satisfied. We'll let the thing drop for three months, if you say so. By that time I'll have close to a million—think of that, girlie, I can hand you almost a million cold bones to spend whichever way you like."

"Oh, I could never spend so much money, Mr. Craig!"

"I'm willin' to let you try, girlie, whenever you say the word. I know what your salary is with the Ruby, and I know you have to spend most of it on keepin' up to date with clothes, but when you marry me you'll live like a queen!"

Spider Craig was in such great good humor the following afternoon that he actually eased up on Jack Blake.

"I'm in the pink now, Kid," he explained, "and you won't have to take so much of the old gaff. You've improved a whole lot, too. If you could hit harder I could put you in the game right now with a coupla topnotchers. I notice you're a slow starter. You don't begin to fight till about the sixth round. By that time another guy would have a big lead over you. Notice how you get to me at the finish? Well, you can't do that till you fight a while. You ain't got what we champs call the fighter's instinct. Now let me show you that left shift again."

Blake had another little talk with Evelyn Cherry when the day's work was done. She had been playing a juvenile part and was still in costume, looking a miracle of fresh young beauty and graciousness. Her hair, abundantly massed and heavy, varied in shifting lights between the red warmth of gold and the amber of clear honey.

"Not dead yet, you see," he reminded her jovially.

"So I see," she smiled in return. "But can you report progress? Are you getting anywhere?"

"I'm far enough advanced to strip the crown off this Spider fellow if the battle came off this minute. Oh, I mean that. He's an open book to me now. I am the boss whenever I choose to declare myself."

"Fine! Tell me what's what, please. I'm interested."

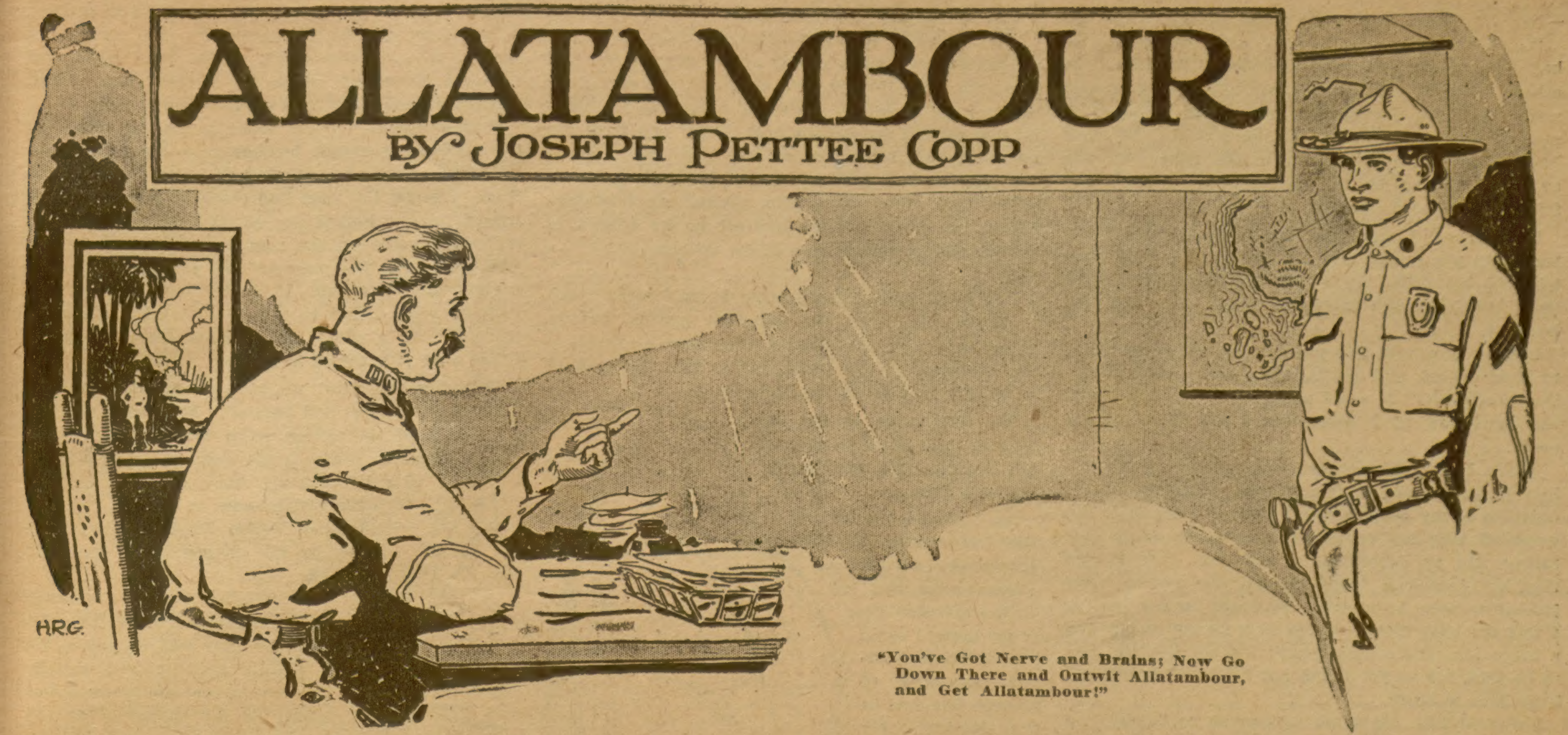
"Thanks for that," he said delightedly. "Well, there is not a weakness he owns that I haven't uncovered. The whole weary, bleary, smeary business has been disgusting, but it is at an end. First of all, Spider is not in the physical shape necessary to withstand any severe blows. There is little recuperative power left. He feints twice before leading his left and rubs the tip of his nose before shooting the right. I can beat him to the punch every time. I'm showing just enough to blindfold him."

"He's a crooked fighter, Mr. Blake,"

(Concluded on Page 16.)

ALLATAMBOUR

BY JOSEPH PETTEE COPP



"You've Got Nerve and Brains; Now Go Down There and Outwit Allatambour, and Get Allatambour!"

CHAPTER I.

"GO GET ALLATAMBOUR."

I HARDLY know how to begin this, the story of my strange experiences since the captain of constabulary police gave me the order to "go get Allatambour." What I am about to relate is an elaboration of my report, which I offered with my resignation from the First Company, Guam Constabulary, for reasons hereinafter explained.

It may seem peculiar that I, Alonzo Zuribar, left Guam a constabulary policeman of the rank of sergeant and now am king of a cannibal tribe, holding three closely neighboring peaks on islands all within a hundred miles of the South Sea island of Koki. I hardly comprehend the change myself. But I will explain as well as I can how I found the elusive, mysterious Allatambour, was instrumental in his downfall, and finally succeeded him as king.

Before the Americans acquired possession of Guam I was a mere youth, living with my mother on the island of Koki. I was rather slender, being taller and fairer than other Kokian youths and men. Having a desire to see Guam, after listening to the sailors whose ships occasionally touched at Koki for a fresh supply of spring water, I worked my passage northward aboard a freighter, despite the pleadings of Mother Zuribar to forego such a wild idea. Once settled in Guam I soon began to act most unruly, as a leader of other and darker native boys, against the new authority of the United States. All of which insurgency was instigated by the chagrined Spaniards who evacuated without a shot when a United States cruiser hove to off the Bay of San Luis de Apra.

Little love did I have for these selfsame swarthy tyrants, for the lash of their whips had cut the flesh of my back many times when I slaved for them in various capacities.

But the Americans were strangers, and we were told wild stories of their cruelty. However, I did receive a little payment from the Spaniards for the relentless lashes, for the Franciscan friars gave me a better than average education, and I, for some then unknown reason, seemed more able to absorb their teachings than the average native boys of my district. I was more eager for knowledge, too.

The time came when I realized the Americans' true benevolence. Then I joined the First Company and influenced those natives of my following to do the same. It was then that I began to grow mentally and physically. And I stood six feet barefooted.

As I became better acquainted with civilization, I wanted to know of my parents.

Back in Koki, when I became inquisitive about my father, Mother Zuribar would grow nervous, fidget about, and say, "He was Americano," and that is all. I saw that it agitated her when I questioned, so I finally quit.

But withal was a feeling within me—from infancy I have had it—of dislike to mingle intimately with the other Koki natives who were so much darker of skin than I. Even Mother Zuribar was darker. But she had always been a good woman, and I had every respect for her. I had noticed that during cold weather, when my body was protected from the sun and wind for an extended time, I would bleach to a whiteness equal to that of Americans themselves.

I confess that as a boy I felt myself better than my native companions—I had proved myself so even in their sports. I could outrun and outclimb and outswim any Kokian except Urido. And he paddled all the way to the Triplets to return a jibbering idiot with no memory of his experiences. Day after day, and night after night, too, he would moan: "Allatambour! Allatambour! How you howl!" And that was how I first heard of Allatambour—from a crazy man.

I have always laid claim to being an even-tempered and a mild-mannered man; surely I have drawn some blood, and I have scars also, for one must expect such when one never turns his back to an enemy. But, as has been said, truth is indeed stranger than fiction. I ramble.

To continue: When the Captain sent for me to come to his office in Agana that hot January day, I had no idea as I crossed the grass-grown plaza by the bandstand and entered the cool, dark portal of the plastered government building that I was going under its red-tile roof for the last time as a constabulary officer of Guam.

I remember his words well—they were so characteristic of himself, Captain John Flanders—direct and to the point.

"Zuribar," he said, "trading-sloops are mysteriously disappearing down off the Triplets," as we called a particular cluster of three islands in the South Seas. "I can't believe they're going on the rocks. I believe Allatambour has broken loose again. Three times I've tried to send men down there. Each time they return and say, 'No can do,' and I know they've not been there.

"Now I want you to go and get him—alone. There's no use asking for more men; they won't go; but you've got the nerve and the brains; now go down there and outwit Allatambour. And get Allatambour!"

THOSE were my orders, "Get Allatambour!". As I walked back along the white coral path, the one skirting the parade-ground, and bordered with shells of deep sea conch, I tried to form some plan to work by. But I knew nothing of Allatambour except his name and that he was reported as living on one of the Triplets; that he had never been seen by any who were here able to describe him, or give his whereabouts more definitely than "the Triplets," and that Urido, the Kokian, had returned from his visit a maniac.

With official permission I returned to Koki to prepare a suitable outfit for my lonely trip over the long stretch of sea between Koki and the Triplets. First of all I needed a stanch, smooth-sailing canoe—or proa, to employ the native name for such a craft.

Soon after my return to my native village I met some of my old chums lounging down by the harbor shore. They dug their bare toes in the loose, fresh-turned earth and chaffed a couple of girls who lingered to be chaffed, but they hailed me as I came along. It developed that a native sailor had spread the report that I had left Guam "on special," and was to perform some big and dangerous task under orders of the American officials at Guam.

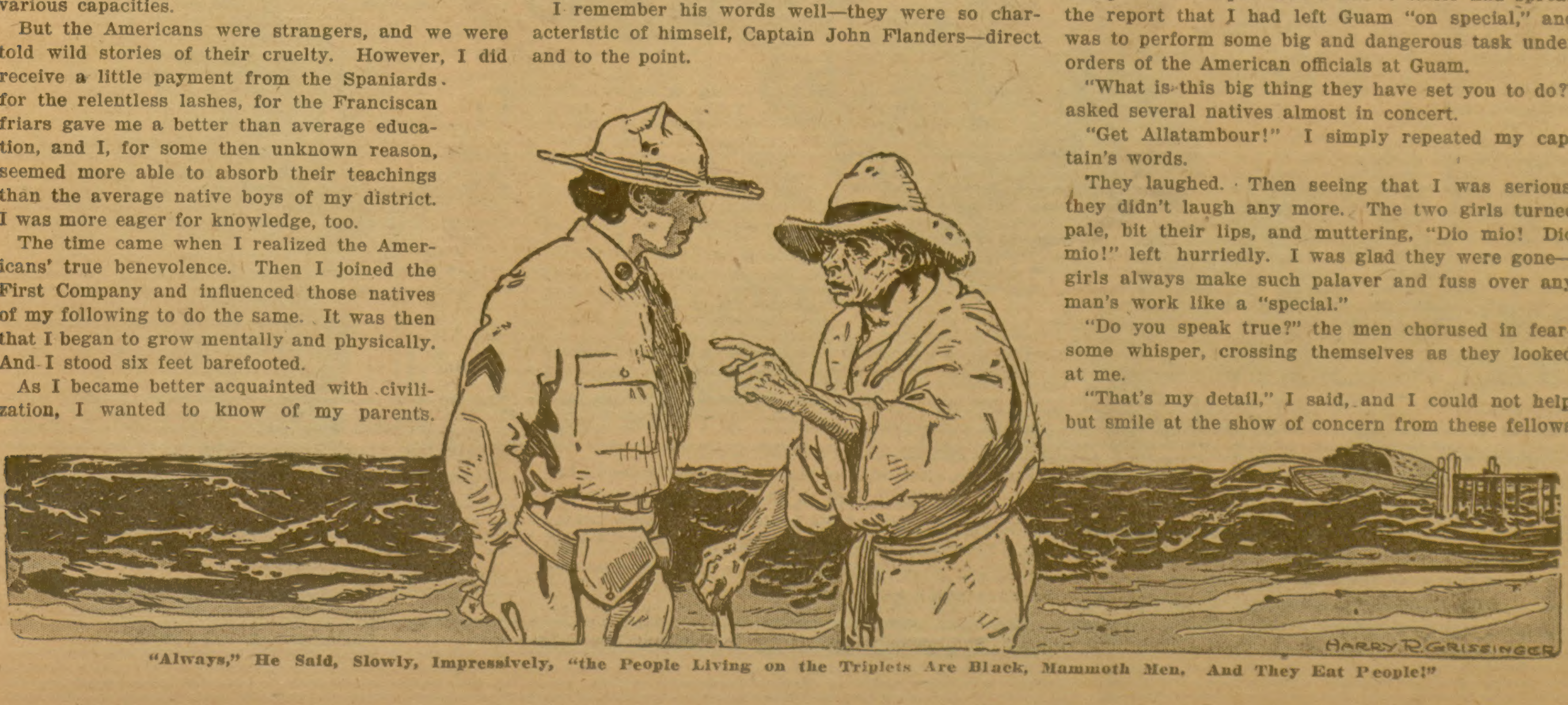
"What is this big thing they have set you to do?" asked several natives almost in concert.

"Get Allatambour!" I simply repeated my captain's words.

They laughed. Then seeing that I was serious, they didn't laugh any more. The two girls turned pale, bit their lips, and muttering, "Dio mio! Dio mio!" left hurriedly. I was glad they were gone—girls always make such palaver and fuss over any man's work like a "special."

"Do you speak true?" the men chorused in fearsome whisper, crossing themselves as they looked at me.

"That's my detail," I said, and I could not help but smile at the show of concern from these fellows



"Always," He Said, Slowly, Impressively, "the People Living on the Triplets Are Black, Mammoth Men. And They Eat People!"

—tho I realized they were loyal friends, after all.

"Good-by!" one of the boys said, taking off his hat, bowing his head, and extending his hand. The others followed his example, and all quietly slipped away, their faces grave and sad as they looked at me. It made me think of Urido, and how he came back, then of Father Solistaro, the friar who was so badly cut up by the mad fellow. I knew my friends were also thinking of Urido.

To digress, I wondered many times why Urido was only put in jail and not given the capital punishment his crime deserved. He was crazy, some said; but that didn't explain it to me. Now I'm glad he lives.

I know now why this unfortunate native returned to Koki crazed, and his "Allatambour! Allatambour! How he howls!" is easly understood, for I can hear the howl now as I write—but I get ahead of our story.

When I saw the superstitious manner of my fellow Kokians, and their apparent certainty of the outcome of my commission, I believe I began to understand why my captain gave me the detail—my father was an American. I inwardly gave thanks that my American blood blessed me with a more stoical nature. I remember no fears for my future; I was too busy trying to devise a means of meeting a more immediate emergency; Mother Zuribar had to be told, for as yet I had not informed her of my hazardous venture.

I walked fast, for there was much to be done to make ready and get as early a start as possible. I knew it would be at least a week before I could get away, for I was soft, white, and needed to be hard and brown. Seventy-five miles of open sea was to be negotiated between Koki and the Triplets. And the Lord only knew just what I should meet when I landed—and I wasn't in His confidence.

At the turn in the road, where stands the brown tipa-hut of old Malakai, the distiller, in its inclosure of bamboo fence and downy garden of crinkly green ferns, I was stopped by no other than old Malakai himself. We stood under the spreading breadfruit-tree that shades his fern-bowered house and talked.

"Where to now, Alonzo?" he asked kindly. The bent old man always has seemed fond of me. As a little boy I remember sitting on his knee spellbound by his tales of experiences on the sea, for he was a rover in his time, but he seemed just as old then as now.

"The Triplets," I made answer.

"What!" he cried, straightening his stooping shoulders quite erect in his vehemence. "To the Triplets, say you! Por Dios! Boy, you surely jest!"

"No," I said. "I go to the Triplets."

"And a strong detachment go with you?" he asked, eagerly bending forward, his eyes searching my face.

"By myself!" I told him, and laughed at his incredulousness.

"Alonzo," he said slowly, impressively, "the people living on the Triplets are black, mammoth men, black as the smoke of yon ship," and he pointed to the Supply, moored in the bay, belching smoke as if about to get under way. "And they eat people. They fence in their houses with human shinbones, and skulls grin from the corner-posts. Allatambour—their god—their king—eats new-born babes and kills them with his own hands.

"He is a demon incarnate, with the howling, screeching voice of ten typhoons, and a lust for red blood that makes the black devils of his kingdom seem angels in comparison. All who visit the Triplets are cursed by some evil spirit that robs them of their reason, if they evade the cannibalistic kettle. Yet the charts have printed that the islands are uninhabited and the surrounding waters reef-strewn and dangerous. True, they are dangerous to small craft with God-fearing crews, but not from reefs or shoals as much as Allatambour's Satan-inspired fiends who pounce upon them to scuttle and slay."

He stopped for breath.

A caribao cart with three "liberty" sailors in it slowly drew up to us. The sailors were singing and laughing in care-free manner, and so loudly did they chant that even the screech of the two cumbersome wheels rubbing their wooden hubs over the ungreased wood of the axle only seemed as mild accompaniment.

The sailors hailed old Malakai.

"Hey hombre, sabe aguardiente?" they called.

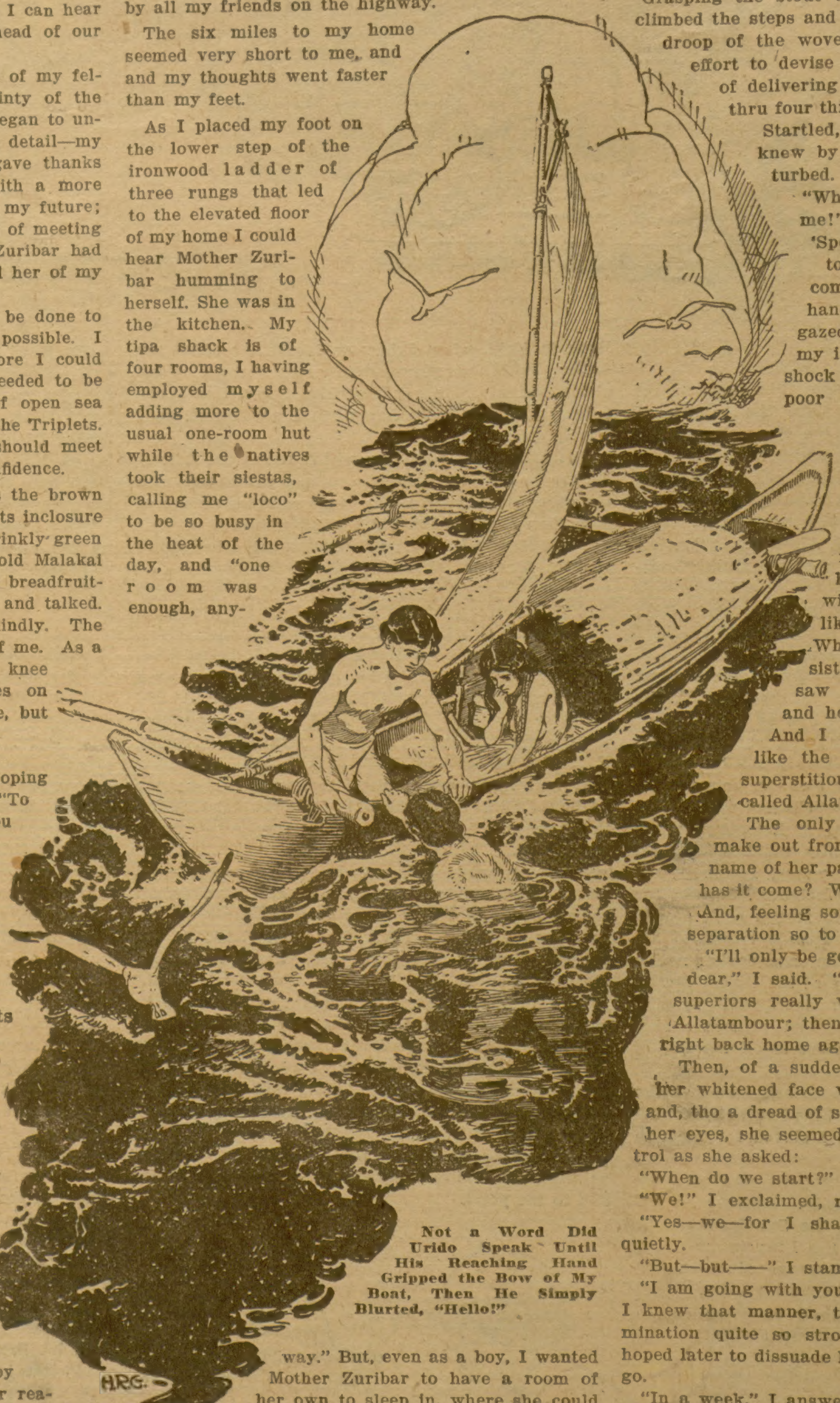
Shaking his head fearfully at the news I had told him, and torn between two emotions, friendship for me and the desire to advise, or attend to his business of selling the distillate of "tuba" sap from the cocoanut tree, he was at a loss.

I took advantage of his indecision and made my adieu. He drew me to him, wished me Godspeed, kissed me, then crossed himself as he turned to answer the impatient calls of the sailors.

I LEFT the road, thinking that I could make much better time thru the cocoanut groves, banana plantations, and rice paddies, even thru a stretch of the ironwood jungle itself, rather than he stopped by all my friends on the highway.

The six miles to my home seemed very short to me, and and my thoughts went faster than my feet.

As I placed my foot on the lower step of the ironwood ladder of three rungs that led to the elevated floor of my home I could hear Mother Zuribar humming to herself. She was in the kitchen. My tipa shack is of four rooms, I having employed myself adding more to the usual one-room hut while the natives took their siestas, calling me "loco" to be so busy in the heat of the day, and "one room was enough, anyway." But, even as a boy, I wanted Mother Zuribar to have a room of her own to sleep in, where she could have privacy and be clear of my fish-spears and bolos.



Not a Word Did Urido Speak Until His Reaching Hand Gripped the Bow of My Boat, Then He Simply Blurted, "Hello!"

I knew what she would be doing, but I stealthily peered thru the doorway to see. She was snipping the ends from yams, getting them ready to place in the coals to cook for dinner. As I looked I could not but admire her youthful appearance; her jet-black hair, slick with cocoanut-oil, was braided neatly down her back, and as she sat, bare feet tucked under her, the tail of the braid lay in a heap behind her. She was short, but not fat and loose of flesh like other married natives of her age, but firm and rounded like a girl.

The sow under the house was startled by my presence near and turned in the wallow she had rooted. Her brood of little pigs squealed in protest. A pet fighting-cock, disturbed by the noisy pork family, uttered three short, challenging quirks and fluttered from his perch on a crosspiece tacked against a house-pile, and strutted out defiant.

Mother Zuribar moved about in the far corner of the kitchen; the split bamboo floor creaked as her bare feet scraped over their half-rounded upper surface. I knew the time had come to tell her of my new detail. I kicked my sandals off and viciously stubbed my toe on the round of the ladder where I had my foot. The pain gave me something tangible for my mind to grasp. If Mother Zuribar was to be hurt by what I had to tell her—that I again must leave her for a while, and there would be danger—I was glad of the hurt in my toe.

Grasping the stout uprights of the door-jamb, I climbed the steps and entered. Forgetting the low droop of the woven palm frond eaves, in my effort to devise some easy, painless manner of delivering my story, my head crashed thru four thicknesses of crackly, dry leaf. Startled, Mother Zuribar turned. She knew by my clumsy act I was perturbed.

"Why, Alonzo, how you startled me!" she exclaimed. "What's this 'Special' they tell me you've got to do!" she inquired, rapidly coming to me and placing her hands on my shoulders as she gazed into my face. And with all my intent to break it gently, the shock I had sustained with my poor entry had so confused me that I looked into her loving eyes and blurted out, "Go get Allatambour!"

She screamed. I thought she would faint, her color became so pale. But clutching my shoulders tightly, she held up till I supported her with my arm. She trembled like an old person with palsy. When I would seat her she resisted. And, looking at her, I saw that her eyes were closed and her lips whispering a prayer. And I didn't like to see that she, like the other natives, believed the superstitious tales of an awful demon called Allatambour.

The only intelligible words I could make out from her mutterings, except the name of her patron saint, were: "Oh, God, has it come? What I dreaded, has it come?" And, feeling sorry that she should take the separation so to heart, I tried to soothe her.

"I'll only be gone for a short time, mother dear," I said. "What Captain Jack and his superiors really want is information of this Allatambour; then, when I have that, I'll come right back home again," I tried to reassure her.

Then, of a sudden she stood away from me, her whitened face was set in determined lines, and, tho a dread of something fearful shone from her eyes, she seemed to have herself under control as she asked:

"When do we start?"

"We!" I exclaimed, not grasping her meaning.

"Yes—we—for I shall go with you," she said quietly.

"But—but——" I stammered.

"I am going with you," she persisted vehemently. I knew that manner, tho never had I seen determination quite so strong in her every action. I hoped later to dissuade her, but I felt that she would go.

"In a week," I answered.

"I will be ready," she said.

CHAPTER II.

MAD URIDO.

FROM the front door of my tipa home, I could gain a very plain view thru the lowland clearway, between the cocoanut-palms, of a narrow white strip of beach, and my proa drawn high upon it. Beyond this the greenish color of the water showed where the inshore coral shallows extended for a mile to the serpentine length of deep blue, marking the navigable channel of Koki Bay.

The U. S. S. Supply lay moored in the middle dis-

(Continued on Page 20.)

Projeckin' Sons

By Artemus Calloway

IF YOU'VE never met Pete Paggley, as have some of the older and more fortunate Ledger readers of last year, Pete is the president, secretary, and treasurer of the Knights and Ladies of the Guiding Light, a social society composed of those who are in the very best Tela, Honduras, colored society. Aside from this position of social eminence, Pete derives his living as proprietor of the North Pole Ice Cream and Soft Drink Parlor down near the "Railroad Salume," and the Hot Iron Pressing Parlor. Pete is no spring chicken in years, but he has his little affairs of the heart with certain dusky damsels of Tela society. Certain of Tela's natives have tried time and again to "get" old Pete Paggley, but Pete has a brain as cunning as the best of them and always comes out right on top.

In Pete Paggley, his friend Kid Scoot, the prize fighter, Goodtimes Harris, the gambler, Hoghead Puckett and Goldtooth Cotton, Goodtimes' friends, Dr. Percy Shade, the light-colored Jamaican, Big Gun, the bad man and bully of Tela, and the other amusing characters of Artemus Calloway's negro stories, are to be found the most real and vivid characters finding print today in any American magazine.

The Pete Paggley stories are not a serial.

Each is complete in itself.

One will appear each week until the new set of five is finished.

They'll cost you five cents a week now.

They'll cost you two dollars when they come out in book form this summer.

HECTOR LAMMONS scrutinized carefully the face of his companion on the opposite side of the bottle-littered table. That he was being thus closely observed mattered not to the scar-faced young negro whose only concern for the moment appeared to be the fact that no more beer remained in the bottle before him.

Hector being a wise man sensed this, and because of his wisdom beckoned to the be-aproned dispenser of liquids: "Bring us two mo' bottles," he ordered.

The young negro grinned. "You sho' does know how to keep yo' frien's dampened up, Mistuh Lammons. An' I's got dis to say, too, you sho' does git good beer heah in Honduras."

Hector Lammons nodded. "I ain't aimin' to let no frien' o' mine git all dried-up whilest I's 'roun', Mistuh Jeeter—specially when me an' him's lible to become bus'ness partners."

The arrival of the beer made further conversation rather difficult as well as undersirable for the moment. But it was only for a moment. Half draining his bottle with one long, lingering swallow, the younger man re-opened the conversation.

"Jes' whut kin' o' bus'ness is dis you keeps on hintin' at, Mistuh Lammons? You's kind o' got mah cu'rosity 'roused up."

For perhaps a quarter of a minute, Hector Lammons said nothing. Then his remark took the form of an interrogative. "How much money is you got, Mistuh Jeeter?"

The other negro frowned. "I ain't seein' as how——"

Hector raised a hand in slight protest. "Jes' keep yo' shirt on, Brudder Jeeter—jes' keep yo' shirt on. Dey ain't no need foh you to go gittin' all mad up jes' 'cause I astes you a question. I asted dat question 'cause yo' answer is whut dis whole bus'ness 'pens on."

Rebus Jeeter grinned. "Tell you de tru'f, Brudder Lammons, if'n you's spotted me foh a money man, I knows prezae'ly why you has to wear dem glasses you is got on, 'cause yo' spottin' eye is done gone back on you. De hones' fac' is dat I's de owner an' possessor at de present time o' jes' two dollahs an' six bits."

Hector smiled inwardly. Outwardly he was calm, grave, dignified. He leaned slowly back in his chair and regarded Mr. Jeeter over his heavy rimmed glasses in a manner clearly indicating that he didn't regard two dollars and seventy-five cents as constituting much worldly wealth.

Mr. Jeeter writhed under the glare of the non-glass-shielded eyes. Finally he blurted out: "You needn't look lak you thinks it's a crime to have only dat much money. You asted me how much did I had an' I tol' you. It done took all I had to pay mah way on de boat down heah to Honduras. If'n you ain't wantin' to 'sociate wid nothin' esceptin' moneyed mens you'd oughter ast 'em whedder dey's rich o' no befo' you takes up wid 'em."

Hector smiled—softly, gently, soothingly. Mr. Lammons was a good smiler when smiling was necessary. Carefully pressing the palms of his hands together he leaned across the table and unctuously delivered unto the ears of Mr. Jeeter a message that sounded strange and unreal to the hearing organs of that young man.

"Mistuh Jeeter," began Hector in his most solemn and fatherly tone, "yo' havin' no money is de ve'y luckist thing whut could happen to de bofe of us. I is been wantin' to fin' a gen-mun whut ain't got no money, an' at de same time a gen-mun whut nobody in Honduras don' know. An' heah in Ceiba I is foun' you! It do look lak de good luck is done gone to breakin' our way."

Hector paused for a moment to note the effect of his words on the other man. Evidently satisfied with what he read in the young negro's face, he continued.

"Sumpthin' beyon' de onderstandin' o' mere man whut exhabits disyeah mundame spere done sont you heah to Ceiba, an' dat same sumpthin' sont me up heah fum Tela jes' a'ter you got heah. Brudder Jeeter——"

Hector's words came slowly and were of careful selection: "You is mah projeckin' son which is jes' came home!"

Rebus gasped. Things were coming just a little to fast for him to comprehend as fully as might be desirable. Carefully he counted the empty beer bottles in front of Mistuh Lammons. He shook his head. Only four bottles. . . . That shouldn't. . . . Finally he snapped out: "Whut's dat you's sayin'?"

Hector smiled. "I's sayin' dat you's mah projeckin' son which is jes' came home. An' foh bein' which you is gwine git one hundred dollahs."

The head of one Rebus Jeeter was beginning to commence to whirl 'round in dizzy circles. Rebus Jeeter was Hector Lammons' prodigal son. . . . Just arrived. . . . One hundred dollars!

Rebus' mental legs had been knocked awry with a thump. Slowly but surely they commenced regaining some of their old-time strength. Rebus peered suspiciously across the table at his newly discovered father.

"Whut in de hell is you tawkin' 'bout, nowhow!" he demanded.

Hector Lammons pressed his palms closer together. "Jes' whut I is been tellin' you, suh. You is to be interjuced as mah projeckin' son which is been wanderin' 'bout de face o' de yearth foh yeahs an' yeahs, an' which is jes' camed to look up yo' father which you is long wanted to see. You is been a wil' young man, but you is now decided you wants to eat up de fatted possum, fill yo' system wid sweet 'taters, drain de ice water pitcher an' lead de life whut is lined wid feather beds."

Rebus shook his head sadly. "You looks sensible, but you sho' tawks lak a d—n fool!"

Hector cleared his throat. "An' dem words you is jes' spoke shows me mos' clearly dat you's gwine make a mighty convincin' projeckin' son. You ain't gwine have no trouble in makin' folks b'lieve you is been a wil' an' carousin' boy."

Rebus drained the last lingering drop from his bottle. Then he leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table. "Brudder Lammons," he commenced, in a drawling manner, "when us fus' met together you gimme to understan' dat you wuz a man o' 'pawtance 'mongst de cullud folks in de town o' Tela whuh you says you lives at, an' dat may be, but——"

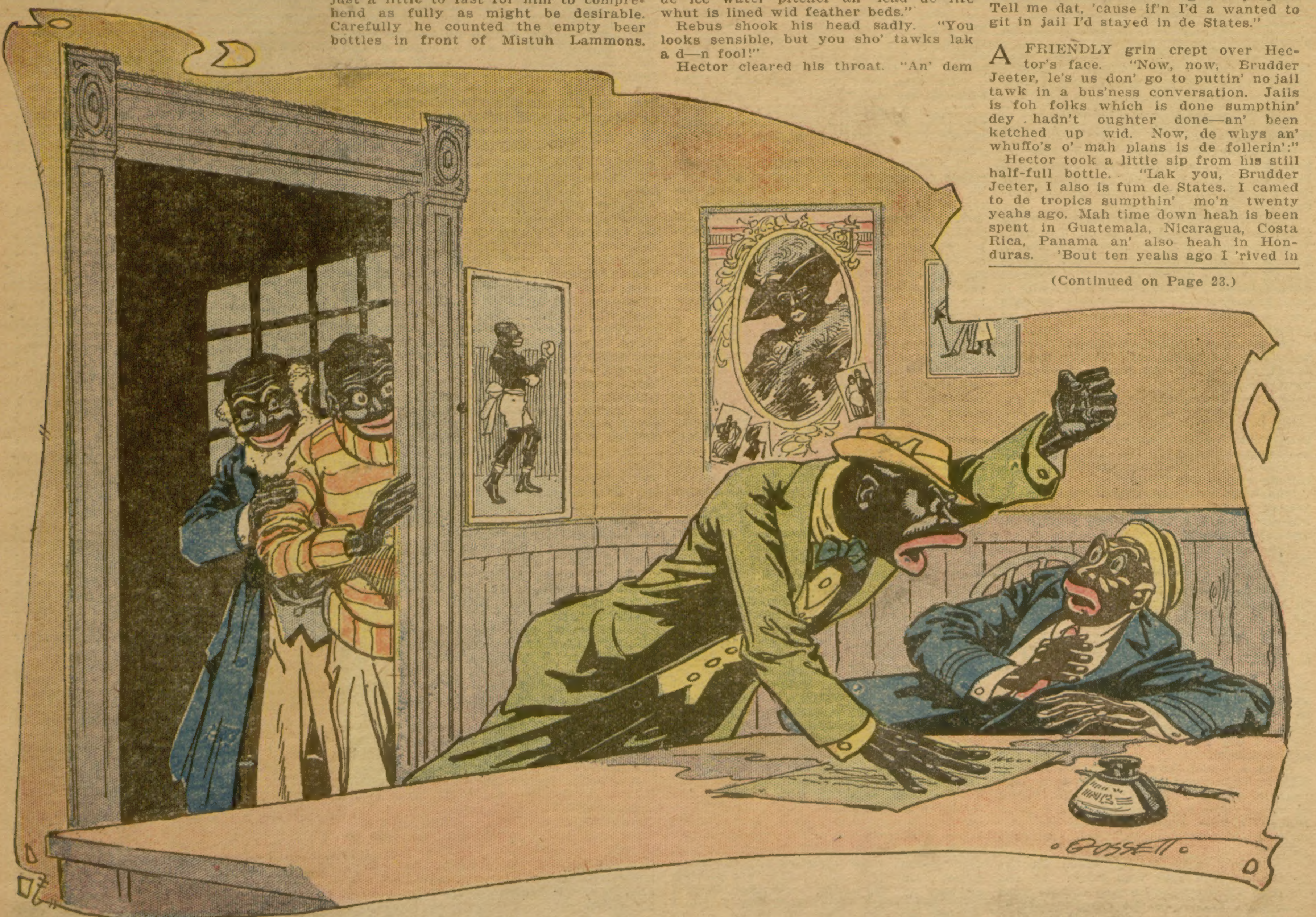
Mr. Jeeter's tone had changed somewhat. There was a certain chilly something in it that wasn't exactly soothing. "De words you is been tawki' endurin' de las' few minutes tells me too an' dat you's got some rascumcality up yo' sleeves. Now I needs money, an' I needs it bad. I didn't leave dem Newnited States in a helluva rush lak I did foh nothin'. Me an' another niggah done got in a 'spute an' I sont him to de horspittle, an' I wa'nt keerin' nothin' 'bout bein' 'roun' when he got out, but——"

Rebus shook his head. "If'n I's gwine be yo' projeckin' son foh a hundred dollahs, jes' how much is I got to projec'? Tell me dat, 'cause if'n I'd a wanted to git in jail I'd stayed in de States."

A FRIENDLY grin crept over Hector's face. "Now, now, Brudder Jeeter, le's us don' go to puttin' no jail tawk in a bus'ness conversation. Jails is foh folks which is done sumpthin' dey hadn't oughter done—an' been ketched up wid. Now, de whys an' whuffo's o' mah plans is de follerin':"

Hector took a little sip from his still half-full bottle. "Lak you, Brudder Jeeter, I also is fum de States. I camed to de tropics sumpthin' mo'n twenty yeahs ago. Mah time down heah is been spent in Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama an' also heah in Honduras. 'Bout ten yeahs ago I 'rived in

(Continued on Page 23.)



"Eider You Leaves Heah on Dat Boat, or I Beats You Till You Wishes You Was Daid—Den I Gwine Beat You Some Mo'—Den I Gwine Bus' Yo' Jaws—Den I Gwine Kick Yo' Inside Out!"

Concluding

Dopey

An Amusing Mystery

By FRANKLIN STRINGFELLOW

Told in the Earlier Chapters

MYRTLE STYRES, of "Curley and Curley, Singing and Dancing Artists," billed in vaudeville as the "Lady of the Diamonds," finally convinced her drinking husband and stage partner,

"DOPEY," otherwise Mr. Billy Styres, that they should have more money for their act. When they raised their demand for a substantial advance their manager, Abe Fichman, promptly "fired" them. Aside from Myrtle's numerous diamond rings and other jeweled pieces, the pair—according to Myrtle, who carried the cash—had not money enough to travel very far, so they agreed to go to a small hotel in a neighboring city run by Myrtle's aunt,

"MOMMA" (Mrs. Webber), where boarded a newcomer and very mysterious man, who gave the name of

MR. SNOOKS, suspected of being a petty thief, who would steal most anything not chained down. The star boarder in Mrs. Webber's abode was

MR. JONES, a plainclothes man and detective, a sleek and smiling fellow who admitted that he could "detect a dollar or a drink of booze two blocks away."

Momma was amazed one night to see two of her men boarders slip out into the darkness, one evidently following the other, and still more excited when she observed a third man skulking away towards the freight yards. It developed that the sleuth was forced to abandon his chase of the man he was shadowing, who gave him the slip somewhere in the vicinity of the railroad depot.

Snooks was not about the boarding-house next morning. Anyway, his chair at the breakfast-table was unoccupied. Then, just before the morning meal was finished, piercing screams came from Myrtle's room on an upper floor. "She's being murdered!" cried Momma. The excitement was intensified by the known fact that Dopey, her husband, had also disappeared during the night.

When Momma, Mr. Jones and the boarders reached Myrtle's room they found her unharmed, but nearly in hysterics because her precious jewels had been stolen. After being quieted she needed little coaxing to tell her story to a reporter and she quite as readily gave the news writer a good photograph of herself and husband, being thankful enough for the free advertising they would derive from the write-up.

Meanwhile, Dopey, considerably intoxicated, wandered about the railroad yards and finally brought up at a brilliantly lighted Pullman car, within which there were sounds of lively music, much laughter and further evidence of the car's occupants being engaged in having "a high old time."

About this time Jones, the detective, was renewing his efforts to trace the mysterious Mr. Snooks, who seemed to have taken permanent leave of Momma Webber's small hostelry.

This story began in No. 10 the Ledger for March 5. Back numbers may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XII.

OTTO SHRADER, manager of the "Olympic," vaudeville and pictures, pressed the button giving him light, and entered his office. He closed the door with a bang. "Some more hell," he remarked unpleasantly, eying the batch of unopened mail on his desk. Otto was in no enviable frame of mind. He had just received a telegram announcing that one of his contracted teams—his headliner, in fact, for the coming week—would not be present when the time came. Impatiently he jerked from his pocket the slip of paper and read it thru again. "Detained by smallpox quarantine."

"I hope it kills 'em both," muttered the manager vindictively, tossing the yellow slip aside. "I——"

For the first time he became aware of a cylindrical something occupying the center of his brand new blotter. "Where the blazes did that come from?" he apparently inquired of any one within the radius of a mile. He needn't have shouted so loudly, tho, for the answer came near at hand.

"The can of corn is my property, sir."

The manager, blankly astonished, whirled about to face the mild-looking wreck of a little man who had just raised himself to a sitting posture on the leathern davenport across the room, and sat blinking like an owl. This little man wore clothes which at some ancient date might have been considered sporty, not to say, extremely loud. His wizened old-young face, a picture of anxiety, was further decorated by one of those fuzzy lip adornments known as "Zephelins."

"What the blazes are you doing in here?" the manager snorted.

The little man blinked rapidly. Uneasily he shifted his position. "I really can't answer that question, sir," he finally stated in a weary voice. "I——"

"You don't know how you came here!"

"No, sir. Please don't shout so. My nerves are——"

The manager snorted. "Say, who do you think you are, anyway? Are you a bum, or a thief, or a——" The manager could think of nothing else at the moment, so he left it blank.

The little man reddened slightly. With manifest difficulty he made for the door. "I am no bum, sir," he answered with a poor attempt at dignity. "I can assure you of that. I am an actor, sir. I dined with friends last night—or wait; was it this morning?—in a beautiful private car; and that is all I can remember at present."

The manager waxed sarcastic. "Where was this beautiful car you're gassing about, and what's the name of some of your friends?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't——"

"It was after I got lost in the yards," explained the little man, crumpling into a convenient chair. "I——"

"For Pete's sake, what are you springing on me; a fairy tale?"

The little man endeavored to look the manager square in the eye. "I chased a burglar down in the switch yards," he answered simply.

"Chased a burglar down in the yards? What had he stolen?"

"I don't know."

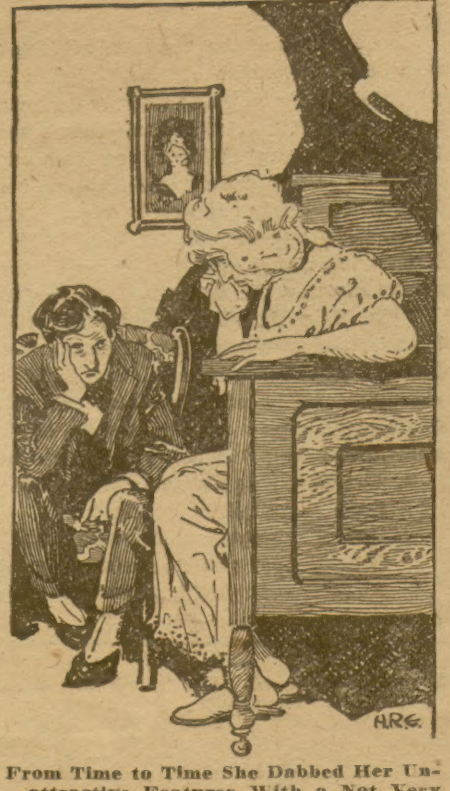
Exasperatingly the manager sprang to his feet. "You don't know nothing," he shouted with more force than elegance. "You don't——"

"I saw him climb thru a window; and I grabbed a can of corn, and——"

"Where were you; in a grocery store?" Mechanically the manager awaited the usual negative, but it did not come. The little man, apparently wearied by a fruitless attempt to explain that which he himself did not understand, had fallen sound asleep.

For a moment the manager eyed him in silence, then spun about in his chair and reached for the phone. He was going to call up the police station. "I'll show the little cuss that this office ain't no sailor's boarding-house," he muttered grimly.

He didn't make it, however. In the first place the line was busy. In the light of after events he was mighty glad that such had been the case, but right at the time he was more than peeved. He ripped out an oath and slammed back the receiver with unnecessary violence.



From Time to Time She Dabbed Her Unattractive Features With a Not Very Clean Handkerchief.

Then, as he was about to try again, came an interruption. Up the steps darted a man at full speed, and ran along the corridor. The manager heard him coming and wondered greatly.

"What the——" He had half-arisen from his chair when the night-watchman, all out of breath, came bounding into the room. Immediately he glimpsed the limp form of the little man draped negligently over a chair, and seemed to think it a matter for thanksgiving.

"Thank God," he muttered devoutly. Then, turning to his employer: "I thought maybe you'd had him pinched by this time. I meant to leave a note before I went home, but I forgot until I saw the piece in the noon edition——"

"Perhaps you have forgotten what you came to say," suggested the manager with sarcasm, "but, if by any chance you have not, cut out the preamble and explain his presence. It's more than he can do."

By way of complying, the night-watchman drew forth from his pocket a newspaper and spread it wide before the manager. He pointed to one of the two halftones that adorned the front page.

"It's him, sir," he explained. "The other is his wife."

"You don't say!" The manager scrutinized the photograph closely, then transferred his attention to the unbidden guest.

"It's him," he said finally. "But he needs considerable of a currying before he can lay claim to it." With some interest he scanned the article that went with the pictures. "Second raters," he muttered. "But this ad properly displayed should lift them a notch or so, at least until I am thru with them." He turned to the night-watchman, his scowl washed away by a smile of dawning hope. "How'd he get here, Tom?"

"He came in a cab, sir. About 3 o'clock, or maybe 4, I heard a devil of a racket outside; and when I went to the door, sir, there he was, swaying from side to side, and singing to beat the band. And the cabby was holding him up. He told me he was the finest actor in the world, sir, and that he wanted to see the manager right away.

"I explained as best I could that he had better get along home, and come back about noon when you'd be here, but he wouldn't have it that way, sir. Said his home was in the skies, and the elevator wasn't running at that time of night. I was about to shut the door in their faces and go about my business, sir, when the cabby slips in and explains that he really was an actor; that he had picked him up over in the switch yards where some back East swells had been having a blowout of some sort in the dandiest private car he'd ever laid his eyes on, and that the guy who paid the fare cautioned him to treat the fellow easy, as he was the finest piano player and dancer he had ever seen.

"When I asked him where he wanted to go," says the cabby, "he just says 'the theater,' and I brought him here.

"Seeing that I couldn't argue with gents of that sort, sir, I started to leave 'em again, but just then I happened to remember how badly you needed a filler for next week, and took him in. After I rung the box in the lobby, sir, I brought him up here and dumped him on the couch. As I said, I meant to leave a note to let you know what you were up against, but I forgot. It just clear skipped my memory till the noon paper came out, and I saw his picture shining out from the front page. Did I do right, sir?" the watchman finished anxiously.

He needn't have worried. Already the managerial brain mapped out a scheme whereby this—this accident was to be converted into the greatest drawing card the house had ever known. The manager grinned. "Sure you did, Tom," he answered heartily. "The paper speaks of them coming home to see mother on account of that lady's bad health, or something to that effect, but if I know anything concerning actors, I'll hock the Kaiser that they got the can tied to them somewhere, and came home to secure something to eat. Sure you did right! Lend a hand here and help get this guy over to the Turkish bath joint. They'll wake him up." Then, "I wonder how he came by that can of corn!"

The watchman scratched his head. "Blest if I kn—— Oh, yes! The cabby told me something about that can of corn. The swell that had this guy in charge told him that about midnight this actor-fellow butted up on the platform of their coach, and knocked at the door. And when they let him in, sir, he offered to exchange this can of corn for a drink of yellow bubble water. That can of corn was the means of their getting acquainted, sir."

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. SNOOKS opened his eyes and groaned. He felt as tho he had been pounded. Dimly he wondered whether a train of cars had passed over his body. He rather thought not, but he certainly felt as tho one had. And, come to think of it, how did he come to be in bed, anyway? He had no reco—— Suddenly he became aware of eyes, human eyes, some four or five sets of them, gazing intently at him from the foot of the bed. As his gaze grew steadier, some of the eyes disappeared. They kept disappearing until finally just one pair remained. In an effort to make those go also, he closed his eyes tightly, then opened them again. But to no avail. The eyes were still there, and, as he further noted, they belonged to a man, a kindly looking man of medium height and stocky as to build.

The eyes, however, were not kindly; they were very alert and business-like eyes. They disturbed Mr. Snooks greatly. Goodness knows, his nerves were jangly enough already, without having a pair of steely-blue eyes gouging the very daylights out of him.

"Go away!" exclaimed Mr. Snooks with irritation.

At this moment Momma arrived upon the scene with a cup of hot coffee.

"Here, Mr. Snooks, drink this. It will do you good!"

Mr. Snooks compiled with ill grace. "Ugh!" He shivered and grimaced like a monkey. "It tastes like quinine," he opined.

The coffee, tho, no matter the grade, brought Mr. Snooks out of his trance in a hurry.

He looked at Mr. Jones with renewed interest. "What the devil you doing here?" he demanded roughly. "Get out, I say! Get out and close the door."

Mr. Jones closed the door, and locked it, but he did not get out. Instead, he approached the bed again. "Don't get funny, Snooks," he advised genially. "You are under arrest for the robbery of quite a collection of diamonds from the young lady occupying the front room, not to mention complicity in several box-car robberies that have been pulled of late."

"What! Me arrested!" Mr. Snooks struggled wildly to throw off the strong grip of Mr. Jones. He was tremendously agitated. Then, as if suddenly realizing the futility of his actions, he subsided. With an effort he collected himself and laughed. "It's a joke," he said.

But Mr. Jones was not to be coerced. "You can't fool me, Snooks," he grunted. "I've had my eyes on you for some time. I've seen you fooling around those cheap grocery stores for the past week. Then the stuff I found in your closet——"

Mr. Snooks seemed to think it funny. With a great show of spontaneity he laughed until the tears rolled down his sunken cheeks. "And you was the very man I was warned to be careful of; think of it!" Again he guffawed.

Something in that laugh must have grated unpleasantly on the sensibilities of Mr. Jones, for he scowled. "Laugh on, fellow," he said grimly. "I guess you won't laugh when I get you down to the station."

The implied threat had a startling effect upon the prisoner. Instantly he sobered; a look of extreme anxiety crossed his features. "Excuse me for laughing, officer," he said politely. "Really, I had no thought of offending you. I was thinking of the joy with which several of my erstwhile friends would receive notification of my arrest, and it proved too much for my risibilities."

Mr. Jones frowned. "What's that?" he asked, suspiciously.

Mr. Snooks did not trouble himself to explain. "Officer," he asked earnestly, "Are you open to conviction?"

Mr. Jones scratched his head. "If you make any funny moves you'll get a crack in the jaw," he said finally.

The prisoner pointed to his coat, hanging over the back of a chair. "Bring me the wallet you'll find in the inside pocket," he said. "I want to show you something which will interest you mightily."

"If you make a break I'll plug you before you can get thru the window," warned Mr. Jones, complying.

Mr. Snooks shook his head and smiled slightly. "Do you know," he said as tho stating a solemn fact, "that I have never yet met an officer who was proof against the contents of that wallet?"

An angry red struggled with the tan upon Mr. Jones' cheek. "If you're thinking you're going to buy me off——"

Quickly the prisoner opened the wallet and abstracted therefrom two objects; a circular yellow something which glistened, and a slip of green paper, which might, or might not have been, stage money.

"How would you like to own one, or both of them, officer?" he asked.

Mr. Jones eyes the objects, at first with contempt, then with interest, and finally he stared at them in bulging-eyed astonishment. "Why didn't you say so in the first place?" he wanted to know.

For answer, the prisoner placed both the objects on Mr. Jones' pudgy palm. "Am I still under arrest, officer?" he asked.

And Mr. Jones—they say that every man has his price—Mr. Jones answered shamefacedly, and in a voice scarcely audible, "You are not, sir, and I am very sorry for having caused you all this trouble, sir."

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. BILLY STYRES, familiarly known as Dopey by his friends and enemies and the wife of his bosom, waved

(Concluded on Page 10.)

AT BAY

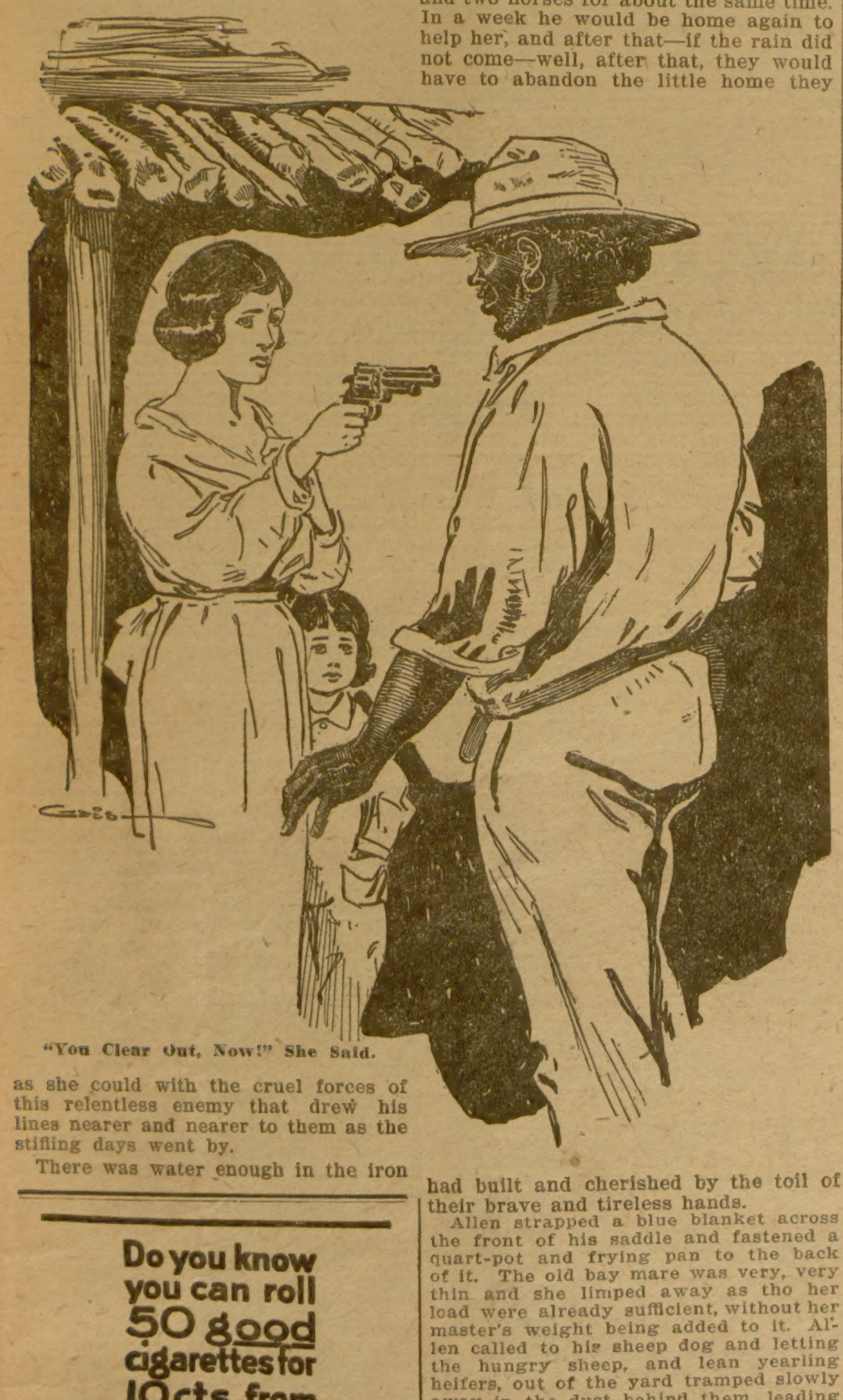
By Will H. Ogilvie

HERE is a story laid in Australia at a spot near Australia's great desert. It presents as vivid a picture as you will ever glimpse of conditions in certain parts of that continent with respect to water, the most necessary element in life. Read it. And after reading it, you'll look upon the faucet or the well with a new respect.

GRAY dawn was breaking above the myall trees and flooding the bush with a sickly light. A little mob of starved-looking sheep, with two or three head of cattle among them, rustled and coughed in the brush yard at the side of the house. Jim Allen, the selector, was saddling his horse at the veranda and giving his wife her last instructions before he started on his droving trip.

The drought had laid waste the grass upon the selection and dried up nearly all the water, and Allen found it necessary to remove the starving remnant of his once fine flock of sheep to a pasture which he had hired at some distance from his home.

The wife was to stay at home with her two little boys and battle as well as she could with the cruel forces of this relentless enemy that drew his lines nearer and nearer to them as the stifling days went by.



"You Clear Out, Now!" She Said.

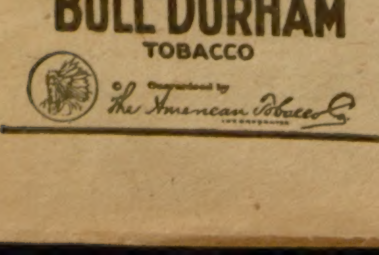
There was water enough in the iron tank, the man said, to last them, if carefully used, for ten days at least; and water enough in the fast-drying pool in the horse paddock to keep one cow and two horses for about the same time. In a week he would be home again to help her, and after that—if the rain did not come—well, after that, they would have to abandon the little home they had built and cherished by the toil of their brave and tireless hands.

Allen strapped a blue blanket across the front of his saddle and fastened a quart-pot and frying pan to the back of it. The old bay mare was very, very thin and she limped away as tho her load were already sufficient, without her master's weight being added to it. Allen called to his sheep dog and letting the hungry sheep, and lean yearling heifers, out of the yard tramped slowly away in the dust behind them, leading the mare.

After putting his little flock thru the slip-rails he turned and waved his hand to his wife. She acknowledged the salute, with her patient gray eyes full of tears, and watched the little dust cloud fade away among the trees. Then she returned to the house and waked the little boys and helped them to dress. And soon the red sun blazed over the myalls and another scorching day had begun.

The eldest child was scarcely ten years old, but he had been taught in the hard school of bush exercise and already he was his mother's help and stay. Proud of his position of trust as her protector and as head of the house in his father's absence, he worked harder than ever, toiling manfully at the wood-heap with an ax much too heavy for him, driving the cow into the yard and feeding her with a spare ration of precious chaff, hunting the horses away when they came hungrily seeking food, and throwing a little grain to the hens that would hardly venture from the shade of the old bough-shed to eat it.

(Continued on Page 11.)


Do you know you can roll 50 good cigarettes for 10cts from one bag of

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO

The American Tobacco Co.

Morning—Night

The finest dish is a Bubble Grain

Puffed Grains hold supreme place among cereal dainties—as food delights and as scientific foods.

None can imagine cereals more enticing. Here are airy, toasted bubbles—grains flimsy and flavory, puffed to eight times normal size. As fragile as snowflakes—as delicious as toasted nuts.

Millions of children revel in them, morning, noon and night. Sometimes with cream and sugar, sometimes with melted butter, sometimes in a fruit dish, sometimes in bowls of milk.

Prof. Anderson's ideal foods

But Puffed Grains are not mere delights. A scientist invented them for hygienic reasons.

One is whole wheat with every food cell blasted, so digestion is easy and complete. One is whole rice. One is hominy bits—sweet inner corn—toasted and exploded.

The grains are sealed in guns. An hour of fearful heat is then applied. Then the guns are shot, the steam explodes—every food cell is broken.

Thus Puffed Wheat yields whole-wheat nutrition. All elements are utilized. Ordinary cooking at its best leaves most food cells unbroken.

Mothers who ponder these facts are more and more serving grain foods in this ideal form.

Nutty, fluffy pancakes

Now ground Puffed Rice is blended in a perfect pancake mixture. It makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like taste. These pancakes are the finest ever served. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour—self-raising.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Puffed Corn

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Dopey

(Concluded From Page 8.)

his hand impatiently, quite dramatically.

"What do you care where I been, Myrt!" he ejaculated with peeved energy. "What's the diff? I landed us a good job, didn't I?"

Still Myrtle sulked. Untidily, her towsled straw-colored hair tumbling about eyes red and puffed from weeping, she sat on the edge of the unmade bed. From time to time she dabbled her unattractive features with a not overly clean handkerchief.

"I bet you've been out with some lady friends," she finally sputtered.

Dopey groaned. Previous experience along these lines had taught him how very difficult it was to turn Myrtle when once she got started upon the subject of "lady friends."

"For cat's sake, Myrt, cut it. Don't go to accusing me of everything on the calendar. I admit that I got good and soused—twice, but I haven't laid my eyes on any skirt since I left here; and that's straight. I didn't meet any down in the yards when I got lost, and there wasn't any women on the private car; leastwise none that I saw—it was a stag. As I said before, after they found I wasn't a thief, only an actor on a spree, they treated me fine; invited me in and gave me the best they had. And I danced for 'em, and sang for 'em, and pounded the piano for 'em—and the first thing I know, I woke up in the office of the Olympic. Lord knows how I got there—I don't.

"And the next I knew, I was in a bathhouse somewhere, and a great big Swede rubbing me to death with a towel. Then he put me to bed and I went off to dreamland a while.

"Pretty soon the theatrical manager came back and took me over to his office again, and showed me the fake you put in the——"

With surprising energy Myrtle sprang to her feet. "What you mean—fake," she demanded with righteous indignation. "Fake! While you was gone some crook got into the room and took every last sparkler I had. Of course, the part about you waking up and catching him in the act was faked——"

Uneasily Dopey began squirming in his chair. "Say, Myrt," he finally burst forth, "I don't know what you'll say about it, but for the love of heaven, go easy. I ain't feeling so very strong, the way the guy rubbed me and all."

"What's the matter; gone bugs?" Myrtle eyed her husband suspiciously.

"Wish I had," groaned Dopey miserably. "But I just couldn't stand this here joint any longer, and——"

"Talk sense. What's eating you?"

Dopey turned a fiery red. "I—I," he stuttered, the while fumbling in the side pocket of his coat. "I—I——" Then desperately. "Here the's the diamonds—count 'em—ten. I was going to soak 'em for enough to take us back to Broadway-town, but I forgot all about 'em. I——"

For the first time Myrtle laughed. "It's a good thing you didn't try," she declared. "Saved you a bawling. They're phonies!"

"Phonies!"

"Sure. Phonies. When we went busted I soaked the real sparks for enough to get us back home."

Dopey nearly fainted. "How'd you happen to raise enough rumpus about them to get us in the paper then?" he finally summoned the strength to ask.

"Oh," said Myrtle with a wise little shake of her head. "I thought maybe the free advertising wouldn't do us any harm. You see, I kind-a figured on going around to the Olympic tomorrow morning and bumming the management for a job on the strength of it—that's why I made it so strong. But now—oh, Dopey, do you still love your little Myrtle?"

Dopey nodded his head vigorously. "If I didn't, he replied with much feeling, "do you think I'd have come back here and risked the bawling I knew I was in for?"

CHAPTER XV.

ONCE more Momma sat in her easy chair, her hands folded in her ample lap, patiently awaiting the time for closing. On her features was written contentment. Almost hopefully she looked forward to the morrow. For the nonce her troubles were over. Upstairs were two vacant rooms, but even the thought of them were of a rather gratifying nature. "I would rather have the entire house vacant than pass thru another such week," thought Momma.

First had departed the mysterious Mr. Snooks, and Momma had devoutly thanked Heaven for the occurrence. Then, hardly had he gone, and his trunk placed upon the baggage van, when Myrtle came downstairs actually smiling—think of that—smiling, with the information that she and her husband had secured employment at the Olympic, and that they were moving to a more centrally-located hotel "where it would be more comfortable for Dopey." And, tho Momma had to dig up the wherewithal to make the move possible, still, she did not regret it. In that connection Momma believed in peace at any price.

"It never rains but it pours." Momma believes firmly in the old adage now. At 9 o'clock an unbelievable thing happened. Never, in the course of her hard-working life had Momma experienced anything half so wonderful. Mr. Jones came in. Not that that was wonderful. Mr. Jones came in every night, and, as befitted a star boarder, he came in sober, and as a general thing, reasonably early. It was what Mr. Jones did after coming in that to Momma savored of the supernatural.

Mr. Jones came in smiling broadly. "Hello, Momma," he greeted. Then, without further ceremony he strode over to where she sat, and produced a ten-dollar bill from his pocket. "Here, Momma," he said. "Here is ten dollars Mr. Snooks left for you. He gave me a ten, too. Said we earned it for bringing him in off the roof and putting him to bed."

"Hey?" Momma's usually alert expression clouded and registered bewilderment. "What you know about that? And it wasn't five minutes ago I was thanking my stars for having gotten rid of that man."

Mr. Jones grinned sympathetically. "I know," he said. "I felt the same way when I found out who he was."

"Who was he?" Momma's eyes glowed with sudden interest. "All you told me was that he didn't make away with the diamonds. Did you find out where he stole that corn and——"

Mr. Jones colored slightly. "We barked up the wrong tree, Momma. We sized him up wrong from the start."

"Then why——"

"Because he was in disguise, that's why," answered Mr. Jones. "A detective gentleman from back East disguised as a working man, and it being the first time he had ever been called upon to do a stunt like that, he wasn't just sure as to how a working man should act. That's the reason he kept so much to himself."

"What was he doing here?"

The railroad people sent him out here to investigate these box-car robberies. They had an idea that we couldn't handle the case."

Momma was not satisfied. "What did he want to go and get drunk for?" she demanded. "And use the fire escape instead of the stairs to return to his room?"

"That," answered Mr. Jones dryly, "was in the nature of an accident; the getting drunk. He used the fire escape whenever he chose to wear his regular garments, as the easiest way of avoiding criticism. A working man rigged out in garments such as he generally wore would——"

"Go on," said Momma, impatiently. "I understand that part of it."

"Yesterday, he got the gang, so he told me—I knew that they had been arrested, three of them, and that they found most of the stuff—but of course I didn't know he was the one who did the landing. His name is Mac something—real swell name——"

"Go on, Mr. Jones. How about the cans of corn and the other stuff?"

"They were merely samples of the articles stolen, sent him so he'd have an idea what to look for. Yesterday there happened along a private car filled with officials of the road he works for, and when they learned about his landing the robbers, why, they just decided to stay over and give a little shindig in honor of the event. And he went. And before he went, he changed the clothes he was wearing for a suit of evening wear and skinned down the fire escape. He was the man I followed thru the yards last night."

"But why did he use the fire escape those other nights?" Momma still persisted.

Mr. Jones paused, looked embarrassed, then finally answered, "I don't know." He did know, however, for the man had told him. But, being a star boarder, he simply couldn't tell Momma the truth; that this Mr. Mac somebody possessed a finicky stomach, a stomach that utterly refused much of the food that Momma provided her boarders, and that the man, driven by hunger, had several times changed his clothing, made use of the before-mentioned fire escape, and had gone to a hotel where the food served was more to his stomach's liking.

No, Mr. Jones couldn't bring himself to tell Momma the truth. Momma lived with the idea that she set the best table in town, and who was he to tear the scales from her eyes? So he merely answered, "I don't know," and turned to leave.

He was passing thru the door when Momma called to him. "Mr. Jones, Myrtle and her husband have gone to a hotel uptown. "They got a job acting at the Olympic."

Mr. Jones turned. "You'll miss having your niece about," he said politely.

Many of the niceties of life had been omitted from Momma's education. She always said just exactly what she thought.

"Humph," she answered with more force than elegance. "I am not saying, Mr. Jones, that I am not glad that Myrtle is getting along as well as she is; I am. But this I do say: I never killed no fatted calf when Myrtle and her little shrimp of a husband appeared in the offing, but now that they have gone, if I had a fatted calf, I'd sure kill it, and we would all celebrate their departure."

The End.

* * *

Via the Belle System.

Bill—Have you ever done any public speaking?

Joe—I once proposed to a girl over the telephone in my home town.

AN OLD FAVORITE

A Poem That Has Grown Yellow In Many Scrap Books

One Each Week

Selection No. 14

"THE KNIGHT'S TOAST"

(Attributed to Sir Walter Scott.)

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host
And, smiling, cried: "A toast! A toast
To all our ladies fair;
Here before all I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,
The Lady Gundamere."

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and joyous cry
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head,
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part
And pledge the lady of his heart
Like gallant knight and true."

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name,
And each, as hand on high he raised
His lady's grace and beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise,
On him are fixed those countless eyes.
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all.
Far-famed in ladies' bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
Lifting his sparkling glass on high—
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep-graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word
And laid his hand upon his sword,
With fury flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly, to another;
Then bent his noble head, as tho
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My Mother!"

Mystery of the Valverd Bottoms

BY WILLIAM A. STAMP.

HE WAS a diminutive, gray wisp of a man, living alone in the Valverd bottoms, and considered hopelessly insane. None but the children of one or two of the houses of the neighborhood ever ventured near him. These were attracted, not out of any love or friendship, but from curiosity and the pennies he gave them.

But now in his little shack down by the river he was waiting for officers to come and take him to jail. He had confessed to the murder of a woman.

As the detectives entered the shack and beheld the little, ill-dressed figure, seated in a chair, his elbow on his knee, his head resting on his hand, the feeling of belief in the man's guilt was not dissipated, but neutralized by that of pity. They were old in the business of hunting criminals and had brought many murderers to justice, and naturally were not prone to the feeling of pity. But never had they felt as they did that day as they viewed that little gray figure, the embodiment of remorse, old age and helplessness.

One of the two detectives had known the lonely old man, off and on, for quite a number of years. He had always thought of him as only a harmless, stupid little fellow, alienated from the rest of mankind merely because of his peculiar mode of life and peculiar appearance.

But he had confessed to some of his neighbors that he had been guilty of the murder of a woman in a house a few blocks away. The murder had been peculiarly revolting and cruel. Who the slayer was had remained a profound mystery to the police and every one else until the old man's confession.

The little man showed no surprise as the officers entered.

"I have been expecting you for sometime," he squeaked, as he straightened up. "Wait till I put out this fire."

Then he swept up the ashes with the neatness of a skilled housekeeper.

The detectives watched him with a slightly puzzled expression. Why should a man, they thought, who was about to be taken to jail for a crime that meant that he would never come back if convicted, care about ashes on the floor of a pitiful little shack like this?

But this was not the only singular thing he did. He asked permission to feed his chickens before he went, saying that he had arranged with a friend to get them the next day.

"It's strange," remarked the chief, in an aside, "that a man could take a human life and yet treat dumb animals like that."

The other tapped his forehead. The little man saw him and shook his head and raised his hand in mild protest.

Then, as if to strengthen his objection against being considered insane, while the two detectives stood and listened, he calmly related the sordid details of the killing of the woman.

Then he asked them if they were going to take him away in the wagon. He seemed relieved when they told him "the wagon" wasn't there.

"I wouldn't like to have the neighbors see me taken away like that," he said, looking pleadingly at the detectives. And yet a few hours before he had confessed the crime of murder to these same neighbors.

As the officers were about to take him away the little man turned and glanced about.

"I've forgotten something," he told them. "Can I get it?"

While the officers waited he went to the pine table in the kitchen and opened the dresser. He reached inside and Laferty saw the flash of light on metal. He sprang toward the table and knocked the little gray figure across the room. Then he thrust his hand into the drawer for the pistol he believed was there—and drew forth a framed picture! It was a faded tintype of an 18-year-old girl of the late 50s.

THE old man arose feebly from the floor. There was blood on his face, and the detective tried not to see it as he handed him the picture. The guilt Laferty felt for his cruel and hasty act showed plainly on his face, and he could not meet the gaze of his chief by the door.

The old man, without the least trace of anger or resentment for the blow he received, said, as he took the tintype from the officer:

"Let me tell you about that picture. That's the picture of a girl I was goin' to marry." He gazed at the two detectives as if he feared they might doubt his story. "Seems funny, doesn't it," he went on, "that an old creature like me had ever raced up a hill, just like that one out there, chasin' a laughin' girl, doesn't it? And it was just a day like this. Well, that was me, and that's the the girl I chased.

"It was years and years ago, of course, and I was pretty young. She slapped me in the face when I put my arm around her waist. I took a ribbon from her hair in one of the scuffles we had, and I've kept it ever since." Here the old man drew from his pocket a faded plaid ribbon.

"It's like myself," he remarked, in a voice that was weak and pathetic. "It's old and faded.

"The next month after I took this ribbon I joined the Union Army. I meant to come back, of course, and marry the girl. I was given a furlough, but was taken prisoner by the rebels the day before we were to be married, and sent to Andersonville prison and held there about a year. Later I heard that her child—and mine—was a boy.

"Even after I got out of Andersonville I meant to go back and marry her. But after the war I came West to win a fortune for her in the gold fields. But I never saw her again."

They led the old man out to the chief's office. Here he repeated the story of how he had murdered the woman in the Valverd bottoms; he had killed her, he said, with an ax for the money she had hidden away.

The chief gazed steadily and seriously at the old man for a long time. The old man blinkingly looked into the chief's eye. Then the chief suddenly demanded:

"What do you mean by telling us a story like that? What's your object in telling such a thing? A vag in the jail has just squealed and confessed that he was present when Redney Roberts murdered this woman. Then Redney beat it to Mexico."

The old man looked helplessly at the chief. The chief turned away and coughed. Then he looked at Laferty. And Laferty—well, it doesn't matter what he did.

The little gray man had been endeavoring to recover from the embarrassment of the chief's questions.

"Chief," he began again, with an effort, "I knew Redney Roberts killed this woman. But you, of course, didn't know that he was the son of the woman he killed—the little girl I took the ribbon from—and my son!"

* * *

At Bay

(Continued From Page 9.)

The younger boy played in the hot veranda with an old bridle, dragging it up and down the boards and beating it against the posts. The blue cattle dog lay with lolling tongue and watched him. The woman busied herself in the house, feeling lonely and helpless now that her husband was really gone, but taking courage from the presence of the children and determined to hold her post to the uttermost. Fifteen years in the bush, much of it spent in fighting drought and rabbits and fires, had dulled her eyes and lined her forehead, but had not quenched her splendid spirit, and if this should prove to be the last ditch she was determined to do her duty to the last and to die fighting.

The sun became fiercer and fiercer; she called her son from the woodheap and compelled him to rest thru the glare and heat of noon in the comparative coolness of the thatched veranda at the back of the house; here he busied himself with cleaning the cart-horse's harness and polishing the tarnished old brass buckles as tho his life depended on the lustre they attained. His brother sat and watched him, rolling the white dust of the floor over his hot hands.

IN THE afternoon a covered wagon with two horses came creaking up to the house. It was an Afghan hawker and he wanted water for his horses. Mrs. Allen gave him a bucket and directed him to the maddy pool in the horse paddock. He returned angry and militant. "That no water—that mud. Me take water from tank, clean water." But the woman interposed. "The water in the tank is nearly done; we need it for the house. Our horses drink the other, you can take it or go without."

The man threw down the bucket, cursing in his native tongue. "Me want clean water," he said. The woman went into the house and brought out her husband's revolver. "You clear out, now!" she said. The Afghan looked into her eyes and saw only determination and courage. He muttered to himself, but turned his horses and drove away.

At night, when the boys were in bed and the bush was weirdly silent, Mrs. Allen heard two or three heavy blows on the iron tank. She went out and saw a figure, ax in hand, rushing away in the dim light. Two great holes had been beaten in the galvanized iron of the tank and the precious water was gushing out on the ground. Hastily she brought a tub and set it under the leaks, but already half of her precious supply was spilled.

The next morning she told Nelson, her eldest boy. "Why didn't you call me, mummie?" he said. "I would have caught him and killed him with the ax."

The cart-horse and the old gray saddle-horse refused to go down to the bar paddock to look for grass and stood about the house and under the shed upsetting boxes and trying to get at the chaff which was reduced now to a bag and a half and which was kept in the log stable. They became hollow and tucked-up and seemed scarcely to drink any of the water in the muddy pool.

The cow, in spite of getting one feed of chaff in the day, became very weak, and could scarcely stagger from the yard to the water and back. Once the dog chased her and she fell and lay for a couple of hours before she managed with a great effort to struggle to her feet. On the third morning after Allen's departure Nelson rushed in with the news that she was down in the pool of water and could not get up.

His mother seized a length of rope from the stable and went down. The cow was lying bogged in the sticky clay and turned a hopeless eye upon them as they came. She was utterly worn out and refused to make any effort to help herself. Mrs. Allen tied the rope round her horns and tugged while Nelson knee deep in slush twisted the cow's tail to try and make her rise. The beast merely lay and moaned.

"We must get her out or she will die here," the woman said, "fetch Nugget!" The boy caught the cart-horse and threw the harness on him. They used the rope as a trace chain and stood the horse upon the firm bank. He made one plunge against the collar, found the weight of the cow too much, and gave up, looking round vacantly at the boy when he thrashed him with a spreader. In a good season he would have walked off with the burden, but now he was thin, wasted, and dispirited and would not pull.

The woman unhitched the trace rope and sat down on the bank with her head in her hands. Nelson said: "She might try to get up, mummie, if I brought down some chaff." The woman shook her head, but the boy ran up to the stable and brought a boxful of chaff. As he approached the pool the horse rushed at him and nosing the box upset the chaff in the dust and then began greedily to lick it up. Nelson kicked him on the head and forelegs, but he would not move till every grain was picked up. A crow came and sat on a dead limb above them and cawed expectantly; and the cow moaned and made no effort to move.

THE sun went down and still the woman and the two boys sat on the bank and watched the weakening animal, unable to help it. At last the darkness fell and they went back to the house. At dawn they returned, the cow had sunk deeper in the mud; there were marks all around where she had beaten her poor helpless head into the slime.

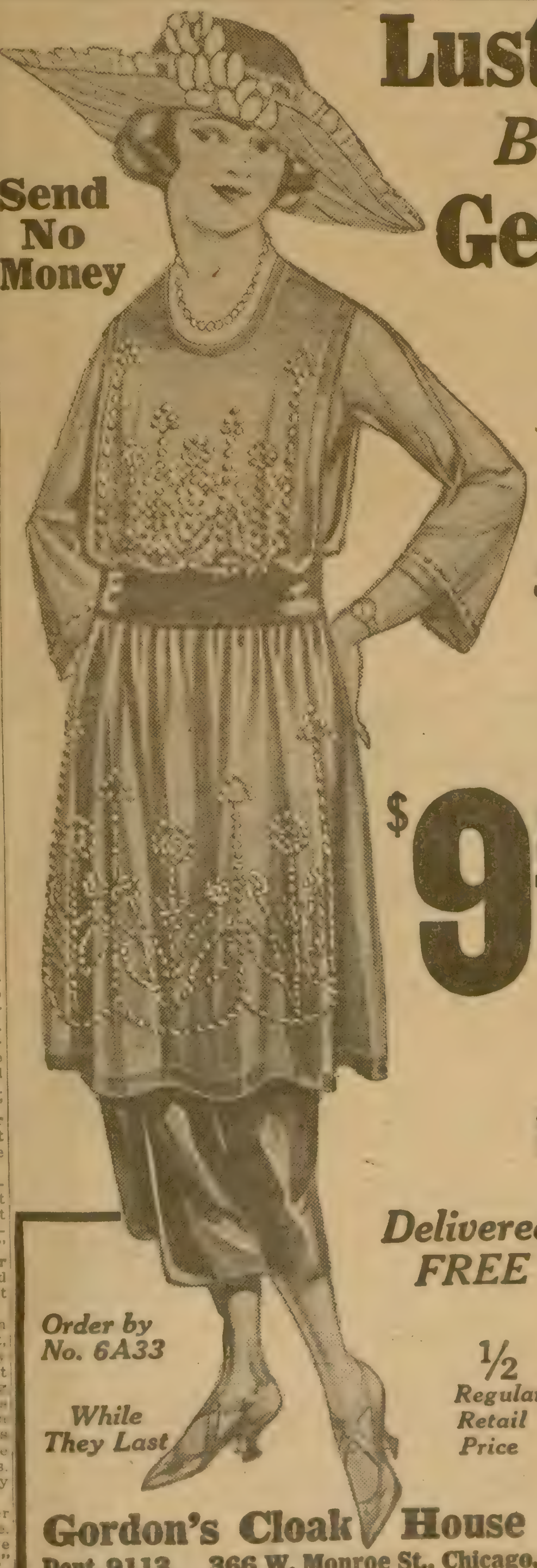
"We must get a knife and cut her throat," said Mrs. Allen. When they came back at 9 o'clock a few crows flew up from the pool and they saw that one of the cow's eyes was torn and bleeding.

Nelson waded into the slime and worked with the knife. "I can't get it thru, mummie," he said. His mother went for the revolver and tucking up her rough skirts waded thru the mud and set a muzzle against old Scotty's forehead curl. A shot rang thru the bush and the cow's head fell sideways. "Poor old Scotty!" said Mrs. Allen; Nelson looked thoughtful: "All that good chaff wasted, mummie," he said, "and the horses might have been gettin' it."

The next few days were hotter than ever. The iron tank of rain water was almost exhausted; there were still a few inches left in the bottom of it, below the rents that the Afghan had made with his ax. The pool where the dead cow lay was nothing but slime. Another day and the horses would have no water.

"Nugget is sick, mum!" said Nelson, coming in at brakfast time. "I think the muddy water is choking him." Mrs. Allen went out and saw the old horse standing in the yard with his head down. While she watched him he staggered and fell down. His finaks were hollow and tucked up, and his bones

(Concluded on Page 13.)



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Concluding Installment of

The 30th Window

By George J. Brenn

What the Story Is About

This two-part story discloses—in rapid-fire manner—one of the strangest mystery cases ever recorded and preserved in the archives of any great city's official detective department. Twenty-nine costly plate-glass show windows smashed in a night or two—or bored thru and splintered from outside by a pointed tool, round missile, or something, that left a small hole in the glass and no further trace of itself within the interior of the store, the molested business places being of wide varieties.

So mystifying were these midnight depredations that Chief Corson of the New York Detective Bureau called in Charlie Fenwick, a telephone employe and expert in that service, and sent him over to Newark, where the window-smasher was operating, to aid that city's best sleuths in their efforts to apprehend and stop the guilty person.

The theories discussed by the Newark men and Fenwick—the latter an amateur detective, by the way, but one of extraordinary gifts, as the New York bureau had long since acknowledged—embraced the rivalry of two famous magicians performing in Newark, press agent stuff, ghouls, anarchists, and vandalism pure and simple. However, Fenwick had his own theory and worked it out to a successful finish, as will be shown.

This story began in No. 11 the Ledger for March 12. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

UP TO midnight Market street did not belie its reputation for being a busy thorofare. A constant stream of automotive traffic flowed up and down the street, and Fenwick decided that a person who possessed the secret of noiselessly inflicting damage to windows from a comparatively short distance might easily use such knowledge without fear of detection. The sidewalks, too, were thronged with pedestrians threading their respective ways homeward or to restaurants after the theater.

Overhead a kaleidoscopic rain of color met the eye as far as Mulberry street, three blocks east, for the electric display signs were no whit less powerful or pretentious than in the metropolis, nine miles distant. This was Newark's Gay White Way, and the flaming arc lights with which the street was illuminated rendered it as light as day.

Both the vehicular and pedestrian traffic had thinned out considerably, however, half an hour after midnight, and by 1 o'clock there were decided lulls in the passing of automobiles. It was shortly after 1 o'clock that Fenwick's attention was attracted by a Welt roadster which stopped directly across the street from Clauson's. One door of the car was wide open and hung askew, as tho a hinge might be broken, and the woman driver made several ineffectual efforts at fastening it. Finally securing it she returned to the wheel, but glanced hesitatingly toward the Clauson store before starting. Another half-minute and she proceeded up Market street toward the Courthouse.

Fenwick continued his vigil, machines passing at sufficiently short intervals to compel his alert attention. A banging sound reached him thru the open door of the drug store and caused him to gaze up Market street. He beheld the Welt car returning, close to the curb, on his side of the street. The door had evidently been inadequately fastened, for it again swung from a single hinge and banged away in annoying fashion.

The car was not making more than six miles an hour as it passed the corner above, and continued to slow perceptibly as it neared and then passed the drug store. In front of Clauson's it came to a full stop, the engine still running, and the woman driver stood up. As Fenwick bolted from beside the cashier's booth he heard the sound as of the impact of a bullet, and the car was off and away as he reached the door! A momentary glance at the window was sufficient to confirm his hopes or fears and he pursued the vanishing car afoot as it proceeded down Market street and over Halsey street.

Halsey street is dark and narrow. As Fenwick turned into it he had a fleeting glimpse of the car turning east at the next intersecting street. This was Branford place, a street as brightly illumined as either Broad or Market. When Charlie reached it, however, the car had vanished.

Greatly chagrined, he looked about him. The street seemed familiar. Finally he espied the Telephone building a block distant and recognized the thorofare as one he had driven thru with Brandt. He walked toward Broad street and a feeling of elation could not be denied as he recognized the garage and automobile supply house Brandt had pointed out earlier in the day. Before the door, his chair tilted at a comfortable angle, sat a middle-aged man engaged in scribbling with a stubby pencil in a notebook.

Fenwick approached and offered him a cigar as an incentive to conversation.

"Thanks," acknowledged the man, appreciatively, vest-pocketing the cigar. "I'll smoke it later, if you don't mind." He consulted a cheap watch, placed the stubby pencil to his lips to moisten the point, and resumed his scribbling. Then he closed the book and turned to Charlie as tho inviting a question.

"Did you get that busted door?" inquired Fenwick.

"Did I?" laughed the man, scornfully. "The d—n thing banged so it woke me up!"

"I'd like to see how you work that stunt," continued Charlie, a wistful eye on the notebook.

"Are you in the automobile business?" demanded the man, sharply.

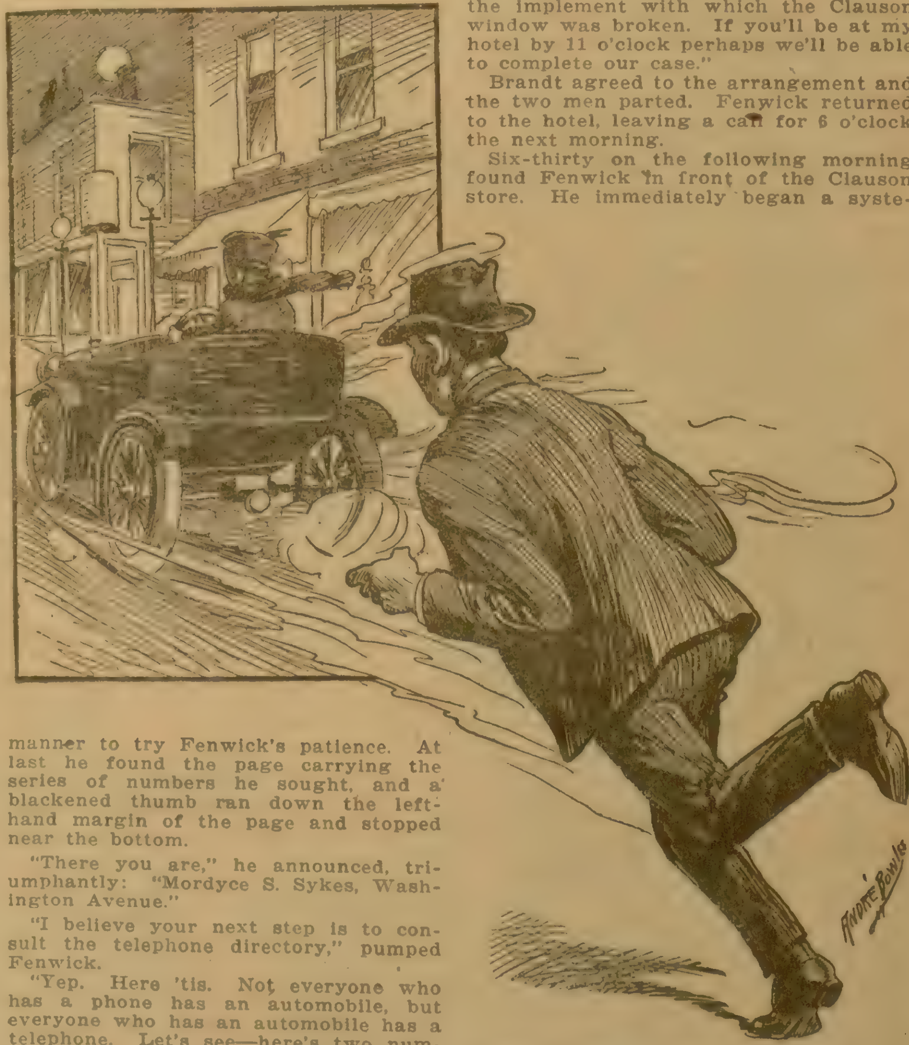
"No," smiled Fenwick, "I'm in the telephone business."

"Oh. Well, I'll show you. Come into the office."

He led the way in, still carrying the notebook. From the drawer of a flat-topped desk he took a huge book. He then opened the notebook.

"Here's the license number of the car," he announced. "Now, this big book contains all the license numbers for the State, in numerical order. We'll look this number up."

He did so, pawing over the pages in a manner to try Fenwick's patience. At last he found the page carrying the series of numbers he sought, and a blackened thumb ran down the left-hand margin of the page and stopped near the bottom.



Fenwick Pursued the Vanishing Car as It Proceeded Down Market Street.

"There you are," he announced, triumphantly: "Mordyce S. Sykes, Washington Avenue."

"I believe your next step is to consult the telephone directory," pumped Fenwick.

"Yep. Here 'tis. Not everyone who has a phone has an automobile, but everyone who has an automobile has a telephone. Let's see—here's two numbers: Sykes Ball-Bearing Company in Arlington, and one for his residence on Washington Avenue, Newark. We want the residence: Branch Brook 14672. We'll call him up tomorrow and probably get an order to repair the broken door."

"Oh, you don't telephone right away."

"I should say not. No one wants to be called up about anything like that at 2 o'clock in the morning. Besides, it would take twenty minutes for the car to reach that address."

"Does this telephone stunt really pay?"

"I'll say it does. We almost always get an order."

Fenwick glanced at his watch.

"Quite a scheme," he observed. "Well, I'll trot along. Thanks for showing me how it works."

He hurried down Branford Place and over Bond Street to Police Headquarters in the City Hall. A report had just been received concerning the latest damage and Donnelly, Glorieux, Brandt and several others were about to leave in a machine. At Fenwick's request Brandt remained behind.

"Please take me to the telephone at once, Mr. Brandt," requested Fenwick. "I'll explain later."

Brandt indicated the private branch exchange two-position switchboard.

"I'll get my own number if you don't mind," announced Charlie to the one operator in attendance.

HE SEATED himself at the vacant position, adjusted a head-receiver, plugged in and asked for Branch Brook 14672. After a maddening wait of three minutes that seemed longer, a sharp voice answered, apparently vexed at the early morning summons.

"Mr. Sykes?" inquired Fenwick.

"Yes. Who is talking?"

"Police Headquarters. Who was driving your car tonight, Mr. Sykes?"

"No one that I know of. The car is in the garage awaiting repairs. Why?"

"Some one drove it over Broad street fifteen minutes ago."

"Really. Hold the wire, please."

Another wait ensued during which Fenwick imagined he could hear a child crying. Sykes returned to the 'phone.

"The car is not in the garage," he announced, hesitatingly. "I can't imagine who took it out."

"How many persons are there in your household, Mr. Sykes?"

"Just my wife, child, self—and a maid."

"Will you please verify the fact that they are all at home?"

"Certainly." Again Sykes left the telephone, to return in a few minutes.

"All accounted for," he announced positively.

"Thank you, Mr. Sykes. Will you please communicate with Detective Brandt at police headquarters if you learn who borrowed your car?"

"Gladly. Perhaps it was my sister, altho she has always asked permission in the past."

"Perhaps it was. Good night, Mr. Sykes." Fenwick pulled out the cord and removed the head receiver.

"I'm going to turn in and get a little rest," announced Charlie. "In the morning I think I shall be able to discover the implement with which the Clauson window was broken. If you'll be at my hotel by 11 o'clock perhaps we'll be able to complete our case."

Brandt agreed to the arrangement and the two men parted. Fenwick returned to the hotel, leaving a call for 6 o'clock the next morning.

Six-thirty on the following morning found Fenwick in front of the Clauson store. He immediately began a systematic examination of the sidewalk and street in front of the store. His search was quickly rewarded, for, nestling close to the car track he found the object he sought—a little silvery globule which he picked up and dropped in his vest pocket. He immediately returned to the hotel and retired.

He arose again at 10 o'clock and bathed, shaved and breakfasted. He was engaged in reading an account of the latest window-breaking episode in a morning newspaper when Brandt appeared.

"Let's make a telephone call," suggested Fenwick. They proceeded to the hotel switchboard and Fenwick directed the operator to call Branch Brook 14672. The girl established the connection and indicated the booth which Fenwick was to use. He entered the booth, leaving the door ajar so that Brandt, who stood just outside, might listen to the conversation that ensued.

"Hello," drawled a childish voice.

"Hello," answered Fenwick, pleasantly. "Who is speaking, please?"

"This is Doris," announced that little miss.

"Do you like to telephone, Doris?"

"I just love to," the child answered eagerly. "Bennie taught me how."

"And who is Bennie?" inquired Fenwick.

"Bennie was my brother. He died last month, and he's up in Heaven, now."

The simplicity of the reply shocked Fenwick as much as did its significance.

"Were you out in the automobile last night?" was his next question.

"No, sir. Mother was out with it. But I was awake real late, when she came home. The telephone bell woke me up."

"Ask mother to come to the telephone, Doris, will you?"

"Yes, sir." The child's drawling voice calling "Mother!" was plainly audible.

In a moment a feminine voice, unmistakably that of an adult, answered.

"Who is this?" was the sharp inquiry.

"A friend," answerd Fenwick, in a kindly tone. "Mrs. Sykes, don't you realize that they can never get out thru those small holes in the glass?"

"Of course I do," was the scornful reply. "I just want them to get air to breathe easily, so they won't choke to death! Oh, it's terrible not to be able to breathe!"

"No doubt the holes do help," assented Fenwick, gravely. "Pardon my mistake."

"But who are you?" inquired the woman, suspiciously, evidently scenting danger and suddenly realizing she had said too much.

"Just a friend whom you can trust," he assured her. "Don't worry, Mrs. Sykes. Good-by." He hung up the receiver and turned to face Brandt, who wore a look of utter bewilderment.

"Do you know where the Sykes Ball-Bearing Company's plant is in Arlington?" asked Fenwick.

Brandt nodded. He seemed to have lost the power of speech.

"Take me there, please," directed Fenwick.

They entered the car Captain Guthrie had placed at Fenwick's disposal and in a few minutes had crossed the Clay street bridge over the Passaic River and were on their way to Arlington. Brandt brought the car to a halt in front of a group of small brick factory buildings.

"This is the place," he announced.

The two entered a one-story building which bore a sign reading "Office," and Fenwick inquired for Mr. Sykes. They were ushered into an inner office where the manufacturer was engaged in dictating a letter to a stenographer. He dismissed the stenographer as the men entered.

SYKES was a man about 40 years old, stockily built and deliberate in movement and speech. He invited them to be seated, at the same time giving the impression of anticipating trouble and being unprepared to meet it.

"My name is Fenwick," announced Charlie. "This is Mr. Brandt, who telephoned you early this morning. Have you learned anything further about your car?"

Sykes nervously cleared his throat before answering.

"Why—ah—it was brought back to the garage between the time you telephoned and 7 o'clock this morning. But I haven't learned who used it, as yet. No doubt it was my sister," he concluded lamely.

"Don't you know," inquired Fenwick, "that Mrs. Sykes was driving your car last night?"

Sykes bit his lip, nervously, but remained silent.

"Mr. Sykes," pursued Fenwick, "is this one of your products?"

He took from his pocket a little silvery globule and laid it on the manufacturer's desk. Sykes picked it up, glanced at it and laid it down again.

"I'm not sure. Perhaps it is."

Fenwick regained possession of the object.

"Would it mean anything to you, Mr. Sykes, if I were to tell you that another window—the thirtieth—had been broken in Newark last night?"

The manufacturer groaned, his face blanched and he sank back in his chair in utter dejection. There was a prolonged silence. Finally Sykes stirred.

"I feared as much," he admitted, exhibiting great emotion. "Gentlemen, my wife's mental faculties have undoubtedly been affected by our recent trouble. I've suspected it for some time. A month ago I lost a son—a boy 8 years old. Pneumonia—he literally choked to death. My wife wouldn't have a nurse; she, herself, nursed him faithfully thru his brief but fatal illness. The strain of that and our subsequent bereavement was too much for

(Continued on Page 19.)

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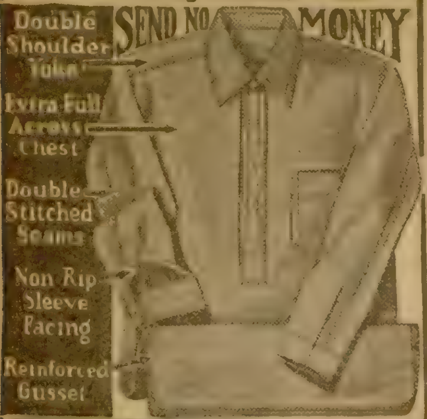

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SEND NO MONEY Rush your order in today sure. Greatest shirt offer ever made. 3 fine heavy Blue Chambray shirts for work and semi-dress guaranteed fast color and worth $1.50 each, only $2.29.
OUR GUARANTEE If you can match these 3 wonderful shirts for less than $4.50, and do not think you have saved at least $2.50, return at our expense. Don't pay high retail prices. Order today sure, before it is too late. WE PAY DELIVERY CHARGES TO YOUR DOOR, another big saving. All 3 shirts $2.29. Give neck size.
BERNARD-HEWITT & COMPANY
Desk F 273 910 W. Van Buren St., CHICAGO

Send No Money!
Positively the greatest—most amazing value in Women's fine shoes since before the war! In this special sale, you pay just about half the regular value. Send the coupon or letter quick—It won't cost you one cent to try on and examine these stunning shoes. "The Lucile Special"—a new hi-cut, stylish model, now all the rage. We know you will pronounce them the smartest, most becoming, comfortable shoes you ever saw. That's why we send them without a penny in advance. But don't delay your order—this offer is limited.
Prices Smashed
Save $3
These splendid shoes are made of soft, beautiful Kid finish leather on the seasons most popular last. Beautifully finished in fancy stitching with a charming perforated toe. Medium weight [illegible] for [illegible] comfort [illegible] heel. [illegible] company. Faultless workmanship, the comfort, and the [illegible] on arrival. Try on, examine carefully. If not [illegible]astically pleased, [illegible] If you can match them anywhere for less than $7.50 to $8.00, return them and you won't be out one penny. Write quick before this special offer is withdrawn.
$2.98
All the Rage
Don't send any money now—just the coupon or letter. Sizes 2 1-2 to 9. Black only. State size and width.
DAVID STRONG COMPANY
Dept. C-163, [illegible] CHICAGO
David Strong Company, Dept. C-163,
Send Lucile Special Women's Shoes. I will pay $2.98 and postage on arrival and examine carefully. If not satisfied return them and you will refund my money.
Name .... Size ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

At Bay

(Concluded From Page 11.)

protruded thru his skin; in his eyes was the hopeless look of the dumb animal that has given up the unequal struggle with death. The woman looked at him, and she shivered. Her nerves were worn to threads at the daily strain and the sight of so much suffering. With a little cry she buried her face in her hands and ran into the house.

Nelson went and tried to make the old horse get up; his efforts were unavailing and at noon old Nugget died. To drag him away was impossible, so the boys gathered sticks and old boxes and piled them round him, then they set fire to the pile and left it; and little Robert watched the smoldering heap after the sun had set and gleefully poked it with a hay-fork, laughing when the flames leaped up.

The next morning Mrs. Allen expected her husband to return, and all day she kept her eyes upon the slip-rails, but no horseman appeared. Graywing, the saddle horse, was fed with the remainder of the chaff and watered from the rain-water tank. If the worst came to the worst she must depend on him for safety.

ON THE ninth day there was still no sign of Allen. The rain-water, which had been carefully nursed and used latterly only for drinking, with a very little set aside for the horse, was now absolutely finished save for what remained in the canvas water-bag in the veranda. Graywing came and whinnied pitifully, rubbing his nose against the wire-netting and creepers which fenced him from these last few drops.

"Put the saddle on the horse, Nelson," said his mother; "if your father does not come back by 4 o'clock, we will carry our blankets and get away to Neill's."

Neill was their nearest neighbor, eleven miles across the ranges. Sorrowfully the little fellow obeyed, with something of the feelings of the leader of a forlorn hope who has done his best and must accept defeat. Bobby was quite contented. "Is that the place where the little red girl is?" he asked. He had once been driven by his father as far as Neill's, and the tiny daughter of the house, dressed in bright red, had made an indelible impression on his childish mind.

From time to time Bobby asked for water, but Nelson always stoutly denied that he was thirsty, looking anxiously at the diminishing supply of precious liquid, fearful lest his mother and brother should not have enough for their needs.

At noon Bobby, who had been playing at the yard, came running in to say that his father was coming. The others rushed out and looked eagerly towards the slip-rails. A horseman was approaching, but the horse was a strange one and the figure was not Allen's. As the man approached they recognized him as the Afghan. He came up at a rapid trot; his horse was hollow and starved-looking, and the man himself gaunt and wild. He muttered incoherently and, dismounting, threw himself down at the tap of the great iron tank and turned it. No water came. With a cry he rushed on to the veranda and tried to reach the water-bag.

Nelson, who was standing by it, seized a branding iron from the wall and threatened him. The Afghan drew a knife from his belt and rushed at the boy, but Nelson, stepping aside, brought the heavy weapon which he held down with all his strength upon the man's head and shoulder, and he fell as a bullock goes down before the mallet of the butcher. He lay still, and a shuddering silence fell upon the little household, as they gathered round and looked at him.

At that moment the gray horse in the yard whinnied, and looking towards the rails Mrs. Allen saw her husband and two other men, with large waterbags slung on their saddles and round their horses' necks, riding towards her. With a cry of thankfulness she clasped her youngest child in her arms and sprang forward to meet them, and Nelson with his foot on the Indian's neck stood with his heavy brand uplifted, in case of a surprise, guardian and hero to the last.

* * *

Of That Species.

"I SAY, my good man," said the loquacious old Englishman to the ancient mariner, "can you tell me the correct name of that magnificent bird which keeps circling above us?"

"A halbatross, sir," responded the old salt.

"Hump! Quite a rara avis, isn't it?"

"Dunno; I've allus 'eard 'im called a halbatross."

"Yes, yes, my good man, but I call him a rara avis just as I call you a genus homo!"

"Oh, do you?" angrily retorted the old salt. "Well, then, I calls it a halbatross just the same as I call you a—ijiot!"

* * *

Needed.

DELVER—What will be the next invention after wireless telegraphy?

Salver (regretting some recent wire-pulling)—Wireless politics, I hope.

For the Ledger Girls and Boys

The Skyscraper.

GIRAFFE is tall at both his ends;
His head is oh, so high;
His legs so long, that when he walks
He almost bumps the sky;
And he could nibble at the moon,
If he should care to try.

I wouldn't be as tall as that,
Not even for a while—
How horrid it would be to have
A throat sore by the mile,
And face so far away that folks
Could never see you smile!

It's such a long way from Giraffe
Down to his legs, you know;
I don't see how his feet can tell
Which way he wants to go—
I'd telephone to them 'bout THAT,
If I'd been fashioned so.

Of course, with such a lovely neck
Giraffe can always see
What's going on, and that is nice;
Yet I'm sure as can be
That I'd be awf'ly lonesome with
MYSELF so far from ME.

*

The Elephant's Trunk.

THERE is a great deal of misunderstanding about what an elephant can do with his trunk. It is a sensitive organ, and he never uses it for heavy labor, but he can strike a terrible blow with it. I have seen many a man's ribs and arms broken when he neglected to take proper precautions, says a writer on Asiatic subjects. In approaching a dangerous elephant, a man should come up sideways, with the nearer arm folded to protect the ribs. Then, if the elephant strikes, he should try to catch the blow on the upper part of the arm, where there is the most flesh to protect the bone. Such a blow never knocks a man flat; it sends him spinning like a top until he tumbles over.

The elephant uses both his trunk and his lungs in calling, and he has a large variety of sounds and combinations of sound with which to express himself. When rushing an enemy he trumpets shrilly; when enraged by wounds, he grumbles hoarsely from his throat; he expresses fear by a shrill, brassy trumpet and a roar, and pleasure by a continued low squeaking thru the trunk. When apprehensive of danger or when attempting to intimidate an enemy, he raps the end of his trunk smartly on the ground and trumpets. The peculiar noise sounds like that produced by the rolling up of a sheet of tin.

In a moment of danger the elephant coils his trunk to protect it from injury. When he is engaged in heavy work, such as piling lumber, he may use his trunk to balance the load he is carrying on his tusks, but never to bear part of the burden. If an unharnessed elephant must pull a rope he holds it in his mouth, taking good care to keep his trunk out of the way. It has happened many times that an elephant keeper—not a trainer, for a trainer knows better—has used a hook a little too freely on an elephant's trunk. If he doesn't get killed he picks himself up several yards from where he was standing. A trainer is invariably pleased at such an occurrence, because it shows that the keeper was abusing the elephant and has merely received his deserts. The elephant is a good, faithful animal and he does not attack his keeper without cause.

*

Defining an Optimist.

FATHER'S present to Johnny on his eighth birthday was a beautiful book.

"And if you find any new words in it," said he, rashly, "don't forget to ask me, sonny."

The cross-examination soon began.

"Father, what's an optimist?" burst out Johnny before he had read to the foot of the first page.

"Er—an optimist!" replied father, thinking hard. "Oh, an optimist, my son, is a Yankee who buys goods, hoping to sell them at a profit to a Scotsman."

*

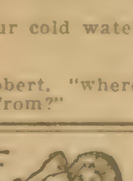
And Pop Was Stumped

ROBERT EVERETT, small son of Johnny Everett, printer, went with his dad to have a look at the Ridgewood Reservoir in Highland Park, Brooklyn, the other day. The Everetts live in the Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, and Robert had never seen such a big body of fresh water.

"Is that where we get our cold water from?" he asked.

"It is," replied pop.

"Well," came from Robert, "where does our hot water come from?"



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Irritated by Sun Wind Dust and Cinders
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WRITE FOR FREE EYE BOOK. MURINE CO. CHICAGO

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No. 101 Black Horse Hair Crown, Naline Brim, faced with Horse Hair. Has Black and Assorted Flowered Wreath. Silk Ribbon Trimmed. Silk Lined. Pay Postman $4.98.
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No. 201 Lisere or Milan Hemp Crown. Feather Brim, trimmed with imitation Paradise. Silk Lined. Colors, Black, Navy, Henna, Pheasant. Pay Postman $3.95 on arrival.
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WE PAY POSTAGE
No. 301 Milan Hemp or Lisere Crown, Naline Brim, edged with Horse Hair. Flowered Wreath, trimmed with Silk Ribbon, Silk Lined. Colors Black, Brown and Navy. Pay Postman $3.98 on arrival.
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GUARANTEE-Money Back If Dissatisfied
Paris Hat Manufacturing Co.
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Prices Slashed! WAIST Free
$6.00 Value Now $2.98
Waist Free
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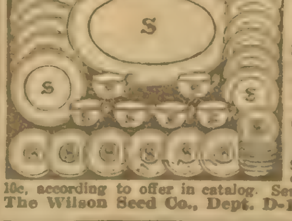
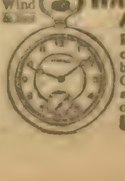
Here is one of the biggest values ever offered to readers of this paper. We'll send this splendid serge skirt and with it this beautiful white voile waist FREE—without asking for one cent with the order. Skirt is made of good heavy weight serge, gathered at waist, wide loose belt; two pockets trimmed with tailored buttons. Colors: Navy Blue or Black. Sizes, waist 23 to 40; length, 36 to 40 inch. The waist we give free is made of white voile, handsomely trimmed with lace and embroidery; sizes 36 to 46.
ROCK BOTTOM PRICES
Just send your name and address, giving size and color of skirt wanted, also size of waist wanted. We'll send both by parcel post prepaid. You pay the mailman when delivered. Money back if not pleased. Here is positively a big $6.00 value for only $2.98. Send NOW as the number of free waists is limited.
Both for ONLY $2.98
Order by Number 17 B1002.
HOWARD LUX CO., DEPT. 17 CLEVELAND, O.

Send No Money
Send your name and address today. Don't send a penny. We will send you free, either of these solid gold rings set with a [illegible] DIAMIDE, weighing about a carat. DIAMIDES are the greatest gems ever made by man. They exceed both in hardness and in brilliance all jewels, except the diamond. They are more difficult to melt than platinum—no known acid can mar them. They are indestructible, their brilliance lasts forever.
Write Today Just tell us which ring you wish (*men's* or *ladies'*). When the ring is delivered pay the postman $4.98. Nothing more to pay. We even pay postage and tax. If you can tell it from a diamond send it back and we will refund every cent of your money at once. You do not risk a penny. Order today. Be sure to send finger size.
$4.98 No More!
Cross & Co., 909 W. Adams St., Dept. 3533, Chicago.



31-PIECE DINNER SET GIVEN
Full size dinner china, guaranteed against crazing; pure white color. Every piece decorated with royal blue band and your initial stamped in pure coin gold — just the set for a family of six. Simply sell 40 packets Garden Seeds at 10c, according to offer in catalog. Send your name.
The Wilson Seed Co., Dept. D-163, Tyrone, Pa.



Stem Wind & Set
WATCH, KNIFE AND CHAIN GIVEN
Real American Watch, 5 year guarantee, fine case, looks and wears like gold. Just sell 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve (Wonder Menthol Ointment). Return the $3 and receive watch according to our Premium Book, or choice of 147 other premiums free. Order today.
U. S. CO., Watch Dept. 14, Greenville, Pa.

DONT SEND A PENNY

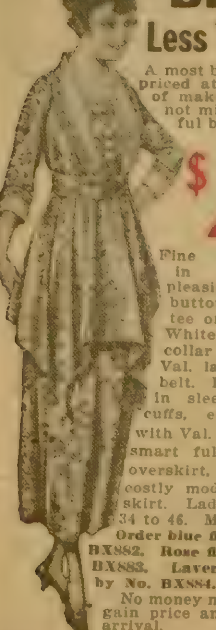
Look! See how Leonard-Morton & Co., Chicago's great mail order house, has driven the axe into high prices. Smash! Bang! Down they come! Nothing like this for years—it is simply tremendous, sensational—startling. Note the prices on the splendid merchandise shown here. Everything brand new, fresh stock. Cream of spring and summer merchandise and prices as low as they were long before the war. Who else dares even to claim to meet these price slashes? Compare! See if you can get similar goods at half again, or twice as much elsewhere. We guarantee these the lowest prices in the U. S. You must not miss these bargains for you will not buy as cheap any time or anywhere during 1921. The demand for these goods at such prices will be tremendous. So make your selections now—while you have the chance.

Not a penny to send with order. Just fill out and send the order coupon or write a letter or postcard telling what you want. Pay the smashed price when goods arrive. Then if not satisfied after examination, return them and we will refund your money. No risk to you and an opportunity to get bargains at the lowest prices in America today. Be sure to give number of article, also your size and color when choice of colors is given. Order as many items as you want and send order today. Send no money. Pay on arrival.

Leonard-Morton & Co.
Dept. 8649 - Chicago

Lowest Prices in the United States

Colored Voile Dress
Less Than Cost



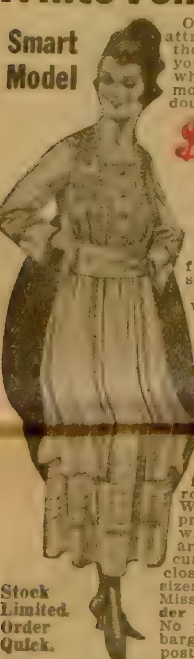
A most bewitching dress priced at less than cost of making. You must not miss this wonderful bargains.

$\$2^{98}$

Fine flowered voile in newest, most pleasing style. Has button trimmed vestee of self material. White organdie roll collar trimmed with Val. lace. All round belt. Full length set-in sleeves; organdie cuffs, edges trimmed with Val. lace. Note the smart full flared tunic overskirt, same as in costly models. Full cut skirt. Ladies' sizes bust 34 to 46. Misses' 32 to 38. **Order blue flowered by No. BX882. Rose flowered by No. BX883. Lavender flowered by No. BX884.** No money now. Pay bargain price and postage on arrival.

Sweeping Cut on White Voile Dress

Smart Model



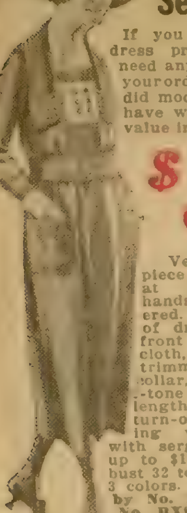
One of the most attractive dresses of the season now yours at a price which makes your money count for double.

$\$4^{95}$

Dress is sheer white voile. Tucked waist front set off with square neck outline and trimmed with crochet. Embroidery on vestee extends over shoulder and to back waistline. Divided tunic on skirt is prettily draped from waistline, finished with hemstitching and [illegible] at bottom. Bottom of skirt hemstitched and finished with several rows narrow tucks. Wide girdle gives pretty effect at waistline. Sleeves are hemstitched at cuffs. Invisible side closing. Women's sizes bust 34 to 46. Misses' 32 to 38. **Order by No. BX820.** No money now. Pay bargain price and postage on arrival.

Stock Limited. Order Quick.

Greatest Bargain Embroidered Serge Dress

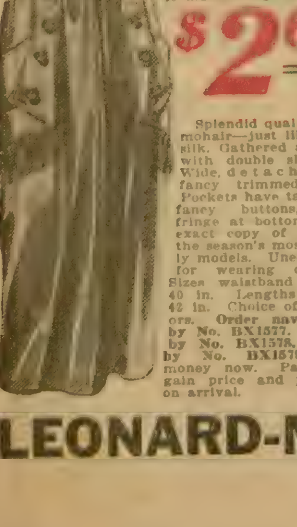


If you are posted on dress prices you won't need any urging to rush your order for this splendid model. Never before have we offered such a value in a serge dress.

$\$3^{95}$

Very stylish one-piece style, gathered at waistline. Belt handsomely embroidered. Vestee is part of dress with double front of contrasting cloth, pearl button trimmed. New style collar, with handsome 2-tone embroidery. Full length set-in sleeves, turn-over cuffs, matching vestee. Compare with serge dresses priced up to $10 and $12. Sizes bust 32 to 44 in. Choice of 3 colors. **Order navy blue by No. BX846, green by No. BX847, black by No. BX849.** No money now. Only coupon, letter or postcard. Pay the bargain price and postage on arrival.

Sicilian Mohair Skirt

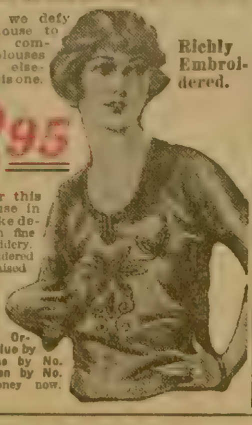


A lucky purchase of these skirts at less than maker's cost accounts for this startling bargain price. A wonderful chance for you to make a big saving.

$\$2^{68}$

Splendid quality silk mohair—just like real silk. Gathered at back with double shirring. Wide, detachable, fancy trimmed belt. Pockets have tabs and fancy buttons, silk fringe at bottom. An exact copy of one of the season's most costly models. Unequalled for wearing quality. Sizes waistband 22 to 40 in. Lengths 34 to 42 in. Choice of 3 colors. **Order navy blue by No. BX1577. Black by No. BX1578. Gray by No. BX1579.** No money now. Pay bargain price and postage on arrival.

Amazing Bargain Tricolette Blouse



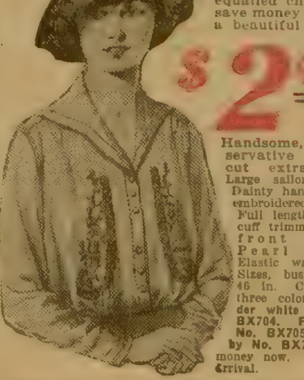
A bargain we defy any other house to equal. Just compare similar blouses priced at $6 elsewhere with this one.

Richly Embroidered.

$\$3^{95}$

Only $3.95 for this beautiful blouse in newest oval yoke design, edged with fine wool embroidery. Front embroidered with rich hand raised zephyr wool. ¾ length sleeves, cuff trimmed. Slip over model, side closing. Sizes bust 32 to 46 in. **Order Copenhagen blue by No. BX752, Rose by No. BX753, Jade green by No. BX754.** No money now. Pay on arrival.

Startling Price Cut Silk Georgette Blouse

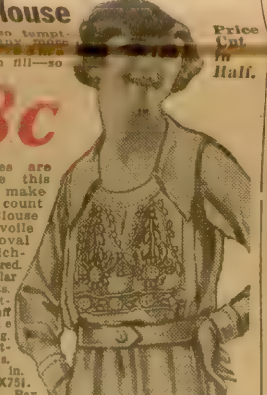


Where else such a bargain as this? An unequalled chance to save money and get a beautiful blouse.

$\$2^{48}$

Handsome, conservative model, cut extra full. Large sailor collar. Dainty hand raised embroidered front. Full length sleeves, cuff trimmed. Side front closing. Pearl buttons. Elastic waistband. Sizes, bust 32 to 46 in. Choice of three colors. **Order white by No. BX704. Flesh by No. BX705. Maize by No. BX706.** No money now. Pay on arrival.

Embroidered White Voile Blouse



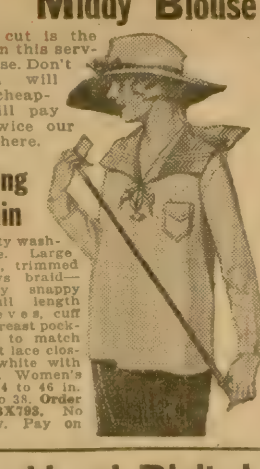
A bargain so tempting that many more [illegible] than we can fill—so send quick.

Price Cut in Half.

98c

Retail stores are getting twice this price, so we make your money count for double. Blouse is fine white voile with new oval neck. Front richly embroidered. Latest style collar with deep points. Full length set-in sleeves, cuff trimmed. Side button closing. Elastic waistband. Sizes, bust 34 to 46 in. **Order by No. BX751.** No money now. Pay on arrival.

99c Brings This New Middy Blouse

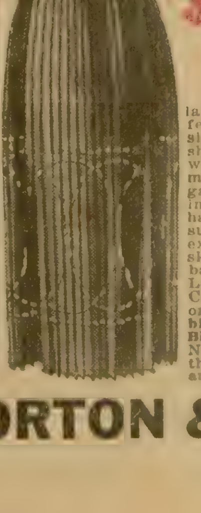


This price cut is the very limit on this serviceable blouse. Don't think you will ever buy it cheaper—you will pay at least twice our price elsewhere.

Amazing Bargain

Good quality washable linene. Large sailor collar, trimmed with 3 rows braid—giving very snappy effect. Full length set-in sleeves, cuff trimmed. Breast pocket trimmed to match collar. Front lace closing. Color white with rose collar. Women's sizes bust 34 to 46 in. Misses, 32 to 38. **Order by No. BX793.** No money now. Pay on arrival.

Embroidered Plaited Panama Skirt

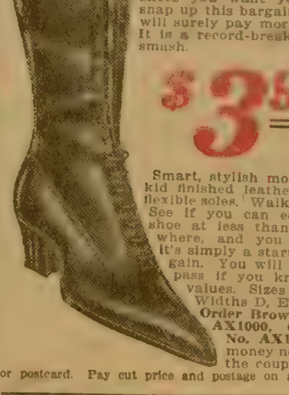


Well you may wonder at our bargain price on this splendid skirt which easily bears comparison with skirts at double elsewhere.

$\$3^{95}$

Here is fashion's latest model—a perfect triumph in design and workmanship. Fine quality wool mixed Panama, plaited and elegantly embroidered in an exceedingly handsome design such as you see on expensive imported skirts. Sizes waistband 22 to 40. Lengths 34 to 42. Colors: navy blue or black. **Order blue by No. BX1413. Black by No. BX1415.** No money now. Pay the bargain price and postage on arrival.

Your Choice of Brown or Gray



If you have all the black shoes you want you should snap up this bargain, for you will surely pay more later on. It is a record-breaking price smash.

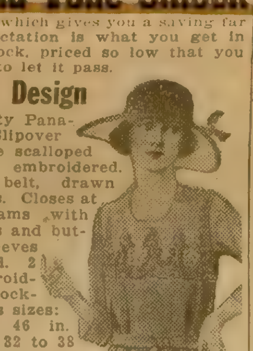
$\$3^{95}$

Smart, stylish model. Fine kid finished leather. Light flexible soles. Walking heels. See if you can equal this shoe at less than $5 anywhere, and you will say it's simply a startling bargain. You will not let it pass if you know shoe values. Sizes 2½ to 8. Widths D, E and EE. **Order Brown by No. AX1000, Gray by No. AX1001.** No money now—only the coupon, letter or postcard. Pay cut price and postage on arrival.

$\$2^{25}$ Brings This Embroidered Panama Voile Smock

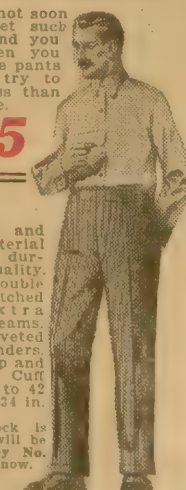
A bargain which gives you a saving far beyond expectation is what you get in this fine smock, priced so low that you can't afford to let it pass.

Graceful Design



Fine quality Panama Voile. Slipover model. Yoke scalloped and richly embroidered. New sash belt, drawn through loops. Closes at shoulder seams with pearl buttons and buttonholes. Sleeves cuff trimmed. 2 fancy embroidered patch pockets. Women's sizes: bust 34 to 46 in. Misses' bust 32 to 38 in. Choice of 3 colors. **Order Copenhagen blue by No. BX795. Rose by No. BX796. White by No. BX797.** Pay on arrival.

Price Smashed on Durable Dress or Work Pants



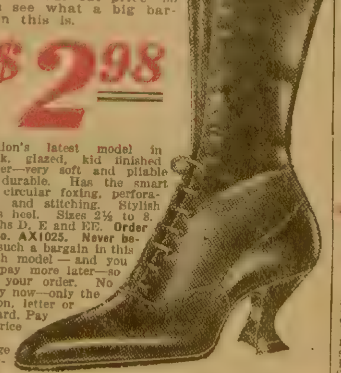
Never before and not soon again will you get such an offer as this and you will know it when you once see what these pants really are. Just try to match them at less than twice our cut price.

$\$2^{25}$

Made of black and white stripe material noted for its durable wearing quality. Strongly made; double sewed and stitched pockets, and extra strong sewed seams. Belt loops and riveted buttons for suspenders. Regulation side, hip and watch pockets. Cuff bottoms. Sizes 30 to 42 inch waist. 30 to 34 in. inseam.

When present stock is sold this cut price will be withdrawn. **Order by No. CX762.** No money now. Pay on arrival.

Save at Least $2

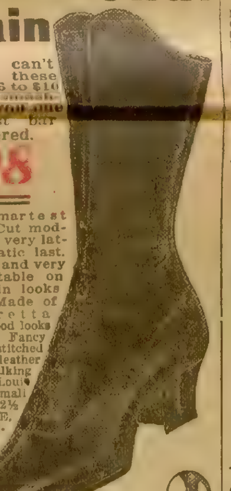


Shoes like these are selling for from $2 to $3 higher than our cut price—so you see what a big bargain this is.

$\$2^{98}$

Fashion's latest model in black, glazed, kid finished leather—very soft and pliable but durable. Has the smart new circular foxing, perforations and stitching. Stylish Louis heel. Sizes 2½ to 8. Widths D, E and EE. **Order by No. AX1025.** Never before such a bargain in this stylish model — and you will pay more later—so rush your order. No money now—only the coupon, letter or postcard. Pay cut price and postage on arrival.

Sensational Bargain



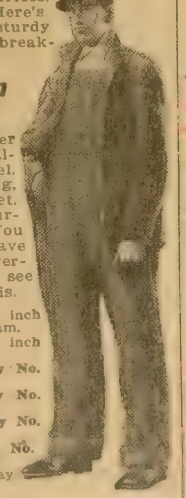
Louis Heel

Shoes that can't compare with these are selling at $6 to $10. So [illegible] price gives you one of the greatest bargains ever offered.

$\$3^{98}$

Smartest Hi-Cut model on very latest, most aristocratic last. Style in every line and very easy and comfortable on the feet. Equal in looks to $10.00 shoes. Made of fine black Cabretta leather noted for its good looks and wearing quality. Fancy wave top. Imitation stitched tip. Strong flexible leather soles. New 1⅝ in. walking heel or fashionable Louis heel. (Shown by the small cut in circle.) Sizes 2½ to 8. Widths D, E, and EE. **Order Walking Heel No. AX1070. Order Louis Heel No. AX1071.** No money now—only coupon, letter or postcard. Pay cut price and postage on arrival.

99c Brings Sturdy Overalls



Bottom out of prices. Smash they go. Here's your chance to get a sturdy overall at a record-breaking price.

Blue Denim or Stifel

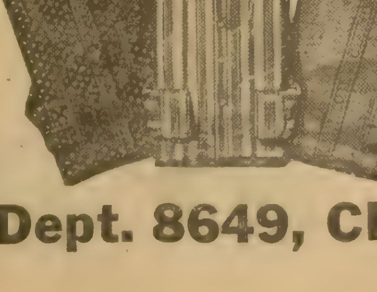
Overall and Jumper to match. Good quality blue denim or stifel. Full cut with 2 swing, 2 hip and rule pocket. Riveted buttons. Durable suspenders. You know what you have been paying for overalls—so you can see what a chance this is.

Overall sizes, 30 to 44 inch waist—30 to 36 inseam. Jacket sizes, 34 to 46 inch chest.

Order blue overalls by No. CX219. Price 99c.
Order blue jacket by No. CX220. Price 99c.
Order stifel overalls by No. CX222. Price 99c.
Order stifel jacket by No. CX223. Price 99c.

No money now. Pay on arrival.

You Get 3 Fine Shirts for $\$2^{49}$



Greatest bargain in 6 years. Think of it. 3 shirts for the one price.

Percale Dress Shirt, fine quality; coat style, extra full and full length. 5 buttons. French cuffs.

Blue Polka Dot Work Shirt. Extra fine stifel cloth, great for wear. Full cut. Reinforced seams. Extra large breast pocket. Attached collar. Indigo blue with white dot.

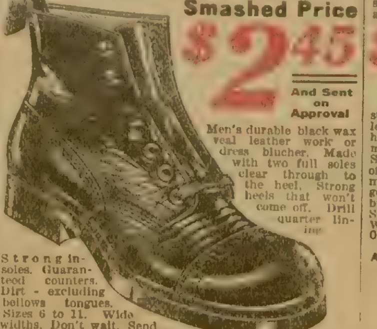
Chambray Work Shirt. Extra quality. Cut extra full. Large breast pocket. Attached collar. Reinforced seams.

Sizes 14 to 17 inch neck band. Sold in the set of 3 only. None separate.

Order the set by No. CX1010. No money now. Pay on arrival

MEN! Don't Miss This

Here are 1,000 pairs of shoes at a price which we proclaim a money-saving value such as you have not been and will not be offered within one year at least



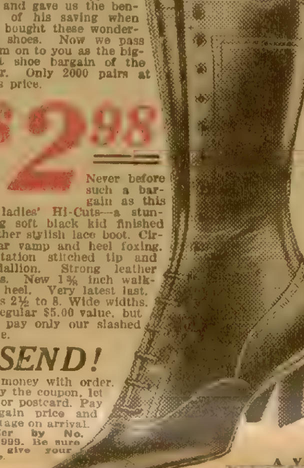
Smashed Price

$\$2^{45}$

And Sent on Approval

Men's durable black wax veal leather work or dress blucher. Made with two full soles clear through to the heel. Strong heels that won't come off. Drill quarter lining. Strong insoles. Guaranteed counters. Dirt-excluding bellows tongues. Sizes 6 to 11. Wide widths. Don't wait. Send no money now—only coupon, letter or postcard. Pay cut price and postage on arrival. **Order by No. AX1817. Give your size.**

Tremendous Saving on Hi-Cuts



Amazing bargain! A big leather manufacturer had to sell a lot of fine kid finished stock at a sacrifice. A leading shoe manufacturer snapped it up and gave us the benefit of his saving when we bought these wonderful shoes. Now we pass them on to you as the biggest shoe bargain of the year. Only 2000 pairs at this price.

$\$2^{98}$

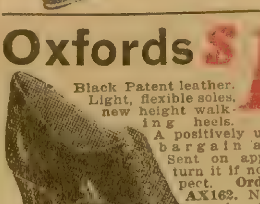
Never before such a bargain as this in ladies' Hi-Cuts—a stunning soft black kid finished leather stylish lace boot. Circular vamp and heel foxing. Imitation stitched tip and medallion. Strong leather soles. New 1⅜ inch walking heel. Very latest last. Sizes 2½ to 8. Wide widths. A regular $5.00 value, but you pay only our slashed price.

SEND!

No money with order. Only the coupon, letter or postcard. Pay bargain price and postage on arrival. Order by No. AX999. Be sure to give your size.

A Very Comfortable Shoe

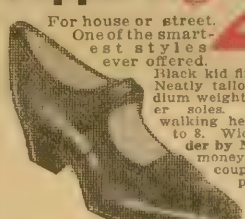
Oxfords $\$1^{98}$



Black Patent leather. Light, flexible soles, new height walking heels. A positively unmatchable bargain at our price. Sent on approval. Return it if not all you expect. **Order by No. AX162.** No money now—only the coupon, letter or postcard will bring these stylish shoes by return mail. Pay bargain price and postage on arrival.

Sizes 2½ to 6. Wide widths.

Slippers $\$2^{79}$

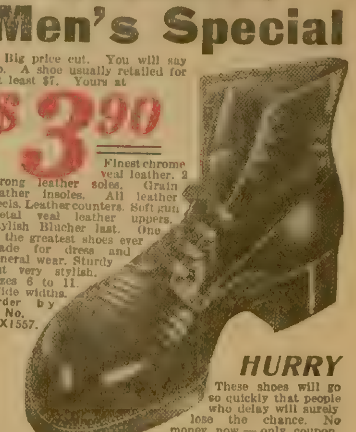


For house or street. One of the smartest styles ever offered. Black kid finished leather. Neatly tailored bow. Medium weight flexible leather soles. Commonsense walking heels. Sizes 2½ to 8. Wide widths. **Order by No. AX177.** No money now—only the coupon, letter or postcard. Pay price and postage on arrival.

Send Today

If you want to make the savings shown by the smashed prices on this high grade merchandise, act at once, because bargains like these will be quickly snapped up—then you will pay more. Use the coupon or send a letter or post card. Pay nothing until goods arrive. Write plainly. Give full name and address.

Business Men's Special



Big price cut. You will say so. A shoe usually retailed for at least $7. Yours at

$\$3^{90}$

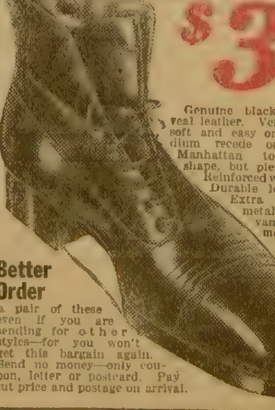
Finest chrome veal leather. 2 strong leather soles. Grain leather insoles. All leather heels. Leather counters. Soft gun metal veal leather uppers. Stylish Blucher last. One of the greatest shoes ever made for dress and general wear. Sturdy but very stylish. Sizes 6 to 11. Wide widths. Order by No. AX1557.

HURRY

These shoes will go so quickly that people who delay will surely lose the chance. No money now — only coupon, letter or postcard. Pay bargain price and postage on arrival.

Men's Dress Shoe

Men—we have only 3,000 pairs left and while they last you get them at less than wholesale cost. Not a penny to send with order. Pay only when they come



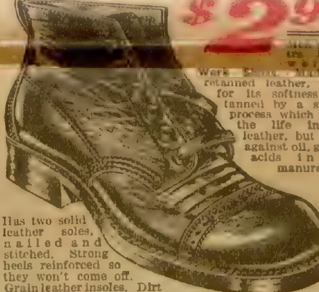
$\$3^{33}$

Genuine black gun metal veal leather. Very strong but soft and easy on feet. Medium recede or Broadway Manhattan toe — stylish shape, but plenty of room. Reinforced walking heels. Durable leather soles. Extra quality gun metal veal leather vamps. **Order medium Recede toe by No. AX1530. Broadway Manhattan Blucher by No. AX 1510.**

Better Order a pair of these even if you are sending for other styles—for you won't get this bargain again. Send no money—only coupon, letter or postcard. Pay cut price and postage on arrival.

Work Shoe Bargain

You have been paying $5.50 and $6.00 for shoes not near this value. We guarantee this to be one of the world's greatest shoe bargains.



$\$2^{98}$

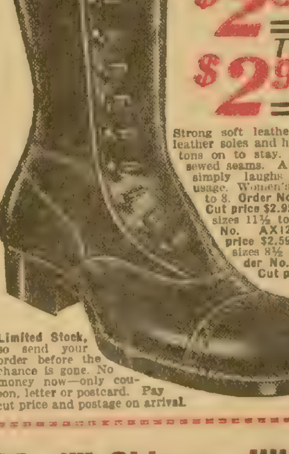
Men's extra heavy weight Work Shoes. Made of retanned leather, noted for its softness and tanned by a special process which leaves the life in the leather, but proof against oil, grease, acids in milk, manure, etc.

Has two solid leather soles, nailed and stitched. Strong heels reinforced so they won't come off. Grain leather insoles. Dirt and water excluding bellows tongues. Seams reinforced where the wear is greatest. Broad toe. Color brown. Wide widths. Sizes 6 to 12.

Now Send no money—only coupon, letter or postcard. **Order by No. AX1826.** Pay bargain price and postage on arrival. Compare with work shoes that sell for $5.50 and $6 elsewhere. If not satisfied return them. **Give your size.**

Service Shoes
For Women, Misses, Children

It seems impossible to make such a cut on the price of high grade service shoes but to make room in a crowded warehouse they go into this sale as a tremendous bargain.



$\$2^{39}$ TO $\$2^{95}$

Strong soft leather. Heavy leather soles and heels. Buttons on to stay. Strongly sewed seams. A shoe that simply laughs at hard usage. Women's sizes 2½ to 8. **Order No. AX1208. Cut price $2.95.** Misses' sizes 11½ to 2. **Order No. AX1209. Cut price $2.59.** Child's sizes 8½ to 11. **Order No. AX1210. Cut price $2.39.**

Limited Stock, so send your order before the chance is gone. No money now—only coupon, letter or postcard. Pay cut price and postage on arrival.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., DEPT. 8649, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me the articles marked below. I am not sending a cent with this order, but I agree to pay the price of the articles and postage upon arrival. If I find they are not all you claim for them or, if I am not satisfied with my bargain, I can return them after examination and you will make refund.

Article Number	How Many	Color	Bust or Size	Waist Measure	Length Measure	Hip Measure	Shoe Size	Name of Article Wanted	PRICE Dollars	Cts.
		Color	Bust or Size	Waist	Length	Hip	Size			
		Color	Bust or Size	Waist	Length	Hip	Size			
		Color	Bust or Size	Waist	Length	Hip	Size			
		Color	Bust or Size	Waist	Length	Hip	Size			
		Color	Bust or Size	Waist	Length	Hip	Size			

Mr. Mrs. or Miss — First Name — Middle Initial — Last Name

Name ________][________][______][________

Postoffice ________ R.F.D. No. ______ Box No. ______

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LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 8649, CHICAGO, ILL.

Weartex
Serge
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worn
as
Dress
or Suit

"The Lucile"
A Stunning Serge
SUIT DRESS
$5.95 Special Sale Price

Without question the greatest dress bargain in the world! To prove it we gladly send it **without a penny in advance.** Decide only after you have seen and tried it on. **The Lucile** is the season's cleverest offering, a charming, rich looking **Serge Dress** that can instantly be changed into a stylish, smart **Jacket Suit** by removing the detachable vestee. Really 2 garments for the price of one. Modeled after the most expensive fashions—all the rage this Spring! Only a limited number can be offered at this special advertising price. Act quick before this sale closes. **Only one to a customer.**

Send No Money

The Lucile is made in the newest spring style of excellent quality, finely woven Weartex Serge. Beautiful silk finish foulard vestee fastened on each side with strong snap fasteners. Long tailored jacket collar beautifully trimmed with tan silk stitched embroidery. Two snappy pockets at bottom. [illegible] plain [illegible] belt [illegible] inverted [illegible] front —very stylish, full sweep. Ladies sizes: 32 to 44 bust; length about 40 inches. Misses sizes: 16 to 18 years. Popular navy blue color only. State your size.

Send Now!

Just mail the coupon or write letter quick — no money now. Deposit $5.95 and postage with postman on arrival. Try on and examine. If not convinced this is the greatest suit bargain you ever saw, send it back and we will refund your money.

DAVID STRONG COMPANY
Dept. SD-163, *Same Management Since 1885* CHICAGO

David Strong Co., Dept. SD-163, CHICAGO
Send Lucile Serge Suit Dress at once. I will pay $5.95 and postage on arrival and examine carefully. If not satisfied I will send it back and you will refund my money.

Length ....in. Bust..................in.

Name..

Address..

City..State..................

Auto Owners
WANTED!

To introduce the best automobile tires in the world. Made under our new and exclusive Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process that eliminates **Blow-Out—Stone-Bruise—Rim Cut** and enables us to sell our tires under a

10,000 MILE GUARANTEE

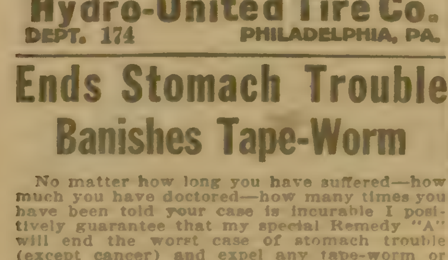
We want **an agent** in every community to use and introduce these wonderful tires at our astonishingly low prices to all motor car owners.

FREE TIRES for YOUR OWN CAR to a representative in each community. Write for booklet fully describing this new process and explaining our amazing introductory offer to owner agents.

Hydro-United Tire Co.
DEPT. 174 PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ends Stomach Trouble
Banishes Tape-Worm

No matter how long you have suffered—how much you have doctored—how many times you have been told your case is incurable I positively guarantee that my special Remedy "A" will end the worst case of stomach trouble (except cancer) and expel any tape-worm or I make no charge for the treatment. I take all the risk, you none. You must get satisfactory results or you are out nothing. Don't suffer another minute—send me your name and address today and get FREE PROOF by return mail. Walter A. Reisner, Box A-64, Milwaukee, Wis.



U. S. SUPPLY COMPANY, Box 336 Greenville, Pa.

QUALITY BABY CHICKS
Send for catalog showing 20 varieties chicks and ducklings. Hatched right and delivered right. Thoroughbreds.
Mammoth Hatchery, Box 217, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

The Substitute

(Concluded From Page 4.)

she declared hotly. "I've been pretending a happy interest in his affairs in order to learn the depth of his villainy. He is going to fake the bout with Bull Kitson. Can't you do something to prevent this? The public must be protected."

"I wondered why you were going out with him," he said irrelevently. "I thought—never mind what I thought. I've often wanted to talk to you about my plans—that is, about things concerning this crook. Do I bore you? Will you listen?"

"Mr. Blake, I think I have done all the talking thus far. The undue brevity of your conversation has been its chief and sole defect."

"I—I have a lot to say, Miss Cherry. Could you—would you dine with me this evening and hear my plans?"

"Provided we dine at an obscure and inexpensive eatery where no amateur sleuths are apt to spy us out."

"Great!" He caught her hand and wrung it gratefully. "It's awfully kind of you to want to listen to my scheme. The Spider thinks I worship him, you know."

"I know; and that makes me think that you might make an actor after all—if you forget that correspondence course in acting! Till tonight then. And meet me at the hotel corner about 8."

IT WAS after midnight when Jack Blake got home. He slept till nearly noon, and woke so refreshed and happy that he felt himself equal to anything. And it was well that he was in high spirits and had good control of his temper, for Spider Craig charged at him like a mad bull the moment he reported for duty.

"Say, you bum!" howled the enraged champion. "What do you mean making dates with my queen? Johnny Thompson saw you meet Cherry outside the hotel last night and I want an explanation. Get me? Come clean or I'll knock your block off!"

"Sit tight!" he counseled coolly. "Miss Cherry had a message for you, and as she won't be here today she asked me to deliver it. Gee! can't you trust a fellow yet?"

Craig's bullying pugnacity fell from him like a garment.

"You're all right," he flattered. "What was it Cherry said? Cripes, man, where's your tongue? Get it out of you! Whatidshesay, hey?"

"Gee! Give a fellow breath, Spider!" Blake's placable smile broadened into a laugh. "She wants you to come to her hotel this afternoon about 2 o'clock about an important matter."

Before the words were out of his mouth Spider Craig was on his way out of the studio, fairly whooping with joy. When he presented himself to Evelyn Cherry in her rooms his demeanor would have made a nervous cat seem a model of studied indifference.

"Did you tell Blake——" he stuttered, and then stopped, goggle-eyed. Evelyn Cherry met him in a Paquin afternoon gown of geranium red velvet and she had an air of dainty aloofness that gave him quick pause.

"I'm afraid you'll think me a mercenary wretch, Mr. Craig," she said softly, "but I remembered what you said about making money on your next fight, and I—I would like to bet. Am I so awful?"

"Sure! I mean, go ahead and bet. I'll tip you right. I saw you liked money, girlie, and I can't hate you for that. Whatever yours truly can do for you, just say the word, and it's done. Get me?"

"There are other things in the world besides money," said Evelyn blandly, "and money will buy them all. You told me once that Mr. Kitson would win the first fight, but the other day I heard Mr. Thompson telling our director to bet on you to win. Not thinking Mr. Thompson would tell the director a falsehood, I thought I would get the—what do you call it?—the right dope from you."

"Always call on me, girlie—always." Craig complacently smoothed a virulent hand. "It's a good thing you sent for me. Mind if I set down a minute? Set yourself, and I'll make the whole thing as plain as daylight. Johnny and me had it framed to lay down for Kitson all right enough at the start; then we figured he might not want to pass the title back after he found out what it was worth. Kitson, girlie, is a third-rater, and I don't need to train to lick him to a whisper, so we've got it all fixed to take his money—if his backers are d—n fools enough to pass it over before the fight—and give him the double-cross. Get me? I'll let him think the thing will go thru as it's fixed now, and then knock him cold. He won't be lookin' for that, and it'll be easy."

"What a shrewd scheme you have, Mr. Craig! And can you assure me that there is no possibility of Mr. Kitson winning the fight?"

"Not a chance in the world!"

"Then I shall bet all I can spare, and thank you ever so much! I expect my dressmaker now, but I shall see you tomorrow. We shoot the boxing scene then do we not?"

"Righto, girlie!" grinned the Spider. "But before that comes off I got a few love scenes with you, so be sure to be on the job. And don't forget to get your money down on the fight. It comes off Friday night, you know."

"I shan't forget, Mr. Craig!"

And neither did the sporting world. Fight fans turned out in droves and were well rewarded. They saw Spider Craig climb into the ring at the appointed time and bow to a thunderstorm of cheers and stamping feet. Then the referee, a widely known and universally trusted official, made a speech. And such a speech!

"Gentlemen, and friends all," he said solemnly. "Bull Kitson will not fight here this evening. Jack Blake will fight in his stead, and I believe you will be well satisfied with the substitution. I have been informed——"

"Wait!" Spider Craig shouted from his corner. "There's something fishy about this. I'll fight Kitson or nobody!"

The referee walked over to him, and speaking in low and rapid tones, delivered himself of the following:

"Craig, you crook, you are about at the end of your rope. I have sworn affidavits from two persons that you planned first to fake this fight and then to double-cross your opponent. Evelyn Cherry made you tell her your scheme at her hotel while two detectives and Bull Kitson listened in an adjoining room. Bull cannot fight before this club, but he can offer a substitute. If you refuse to meet his substitute I shall be obliged to tell the audience the inside facts. Will you fight?"

Spider Craig tried to fight, but those who witnessed the bout were unanimous in saying that he never made a sorrier showing. After being kept waiting fully twenty minutes in his corner, gazing into a flock of scowls at the ringside, he was dimly aware of being called to the center to face a blond cyclone that came running down the aisle and vaulted into the ring and, almost instantaneously, into action.

Old-timers gasped at the speed and craft exhibited by the sensational substitute. He was on top of the champion every minute, shooting his short counters home with a skill that was marvelous to behold. He snapped his wasplike arm into his foeman's face time after time, beat him to the punch and made him miss badly.

In the fourth round Craig came from his corner with an attitude of respect, and when Blake, grim and determined, advanced to meet him, the champion fairly fled before the approaching storm. Driven to cover he stood up and boxed, but he encountered a storm of punches which flashed thru his guard and found a resting place on all uncovered spots.

Craig saw the end. He wanted to curse this demon that bore him down. His breath came with a whistling sound. Almost without conscious volition he retreated step by step, back, back, back. Then something struck him full on the point of the chin. There was a noise like the unloading of steel rails from a box car. Then the darkness was as impenetrable as if a curtain of opaque fabric had been lowered before his eyes. It was the oblivion of defeat.

THREE hours after he had been proclaimed the champion of the world Jack Blake received the following telegram from the Ruby Film Company:

> Result of fight makes Craig film valueless. Will give you an advance over his figures to star with Cherry in "The Champion and the Princess."

"More rapid work," smiled Evelyn Cherry, when he showed her this. "And you were supposed to be unable to get warmed up for the fray in less than five rounds, I believe. Did you deceive the Spider about that, too?"

"No," said Blake happily, "but I boxed three fast rounds with Bull Kitson in my dressing-room and dashed into the ring all steamed up for the fray. The Spider was cold and worried and never collected his wits."

"Are you going to accept the Ruby's offer?"

"If—if the princess accepts me—yes!"

"Jack!"

"I mean it! Come, dear, what shall I answer?"

"Well, you'd be a change after Craig, and you might learn to act, so—so the princess accepts."

SEX PROBLEMS

Every married couple and all who contemplate marriage should own a complete Book of Life, of 1,000 pages, handsomely bound, such as the "Medical Adviser." It unfolds the secrets of married happiness, often revealed too late. Sold formerly for $1.50. We can mention only a few of the chapters here: Mechanism of Life, History of Marriage, Sex Problems, Advice for Mother and Babe Nervous Troubles, Anatomy, Physiology, Medicine, First Aid to the Injured.

SPECIAL OFFER: For a limited time we will send one copy for $1.00 (or stamps), to readers of this paper. Address Medical Press, 643½ Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BEAUTY SPECIALIST TELLS SECRET

A Beauty Specialist Gives Home-Made Recipe to Darken Gray Hair.

Mrs. M. D. Gillespie, a well-known beauty specialist of Kansas City, recently gave out the following statement regarding gray hair:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

FREE LARGE GENUINE EASTMAN
Premo Film Pack Camera, for selling 24 large colored pictures or 24 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order choice today. Sent prepaid.
GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 545 CHICAGO

$876 Profit
for 1 month's spare time

Are you willing to step into a position today, without training, without any investment; where you are absolutely your own boss, where you can set your own hours, work when and where you please—and earn from $50.00 to $200.00 A WEEK?

Then send me your name and I will tell you how you can get started. I paid Carl Rowe $876 for the work he did in one month's spare time—just a few hours a day—and this man had never had any previous experience. I will make you the same offer I made him.

This is What You Can Make

I want 500 men and women. No matter where you live, what kind of work you have been doing, and no matter whether you can devote all of your time to this proposition or only one or two hours a day. I want you to call on some of my customers in your territory, take their measurements and send me their orders for raincoats. That's all. If you send me one average order a day I will pay you $24.00 a week. If you send me four average orders a day I will pay you $96 a week.

If you are honest and sincere I will show you how to build a permanent, profitable, high-grade business that will bring you in more net income every day and every week and every year than you ever thought possible. I will show you how to become as successful as any business or professional man in your community.

How to Get Started

Just put your name and address on the coupon at the bottom of this ad and I will tell you all of the facts about this wonderful opportunity to make money. I will show you how hundreds of men and women are building up big, successful businesses. I will show you how you, too, can make from $300 to $500 within 30 days of the time you get my letter.

This is one of the big, outstanding opportunities that you have ever been offered. It is a chance to make a big success without capital, without experience, without training. It is your chance to become independent. And all you need do is mail the coupon for the amazing offer that I am willing to make to you if you act quick.

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Mail this Coupon Now

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Please tell me how I can make from $50 to $200 a week as your representative. Send me complete details of your offer without any obligation to me whatsoever.

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6 Months to Pay

And You Get a Tailor-Made-to-Order Suit

Save $15 to $25

Our Special Tailor-Made-to-Order Clothes are the last word in correct style, perfect fit, fine fabrics and elegant finish. If we were not sure of our supremacy, we could not afford to make this amazing suit offer. For only $1.00 down we will make up an elegant suit, strictly tailor-made-to-order to your measurements from your selection of fabrics, and send it to you for try-on. If satisfied, pay balance on easiest terms ever offered. 6 months to pay all. If not satisfied, return suit and we refund your dollar.

As Low As $1 Down

We are "quick actors"—no delay—no red tape. You send for our Big Free Style Book and Free Cloth Samples. Select your style and fabric, and send us only $1.00 with your measurements. We will send you a stunning suit that will surprise and delight you with its dashing style, perfect fit and dependable materials. And we will save you $15 to $25—don't overlook that! Look no farther. This offer is the limit in liberality—the greatest clothes opportunity you ever had.

FREE Style Book Send for your copy of our wonderful FREE Style Book and Cloth Samples. Filled from cover to cover with latest styles in men's made-to-measure clothing, women's and children's wearing apparel, and a big collection of fine fabrics to select from. Mail coupon, letter or postal today—no charge—no obligation whatever.

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Please send me FREE your new Style Book showing latest Metropolitan Styles, also Cloth Samples and full particulars of your $1 down with Six-Months-To-Pay Offer.

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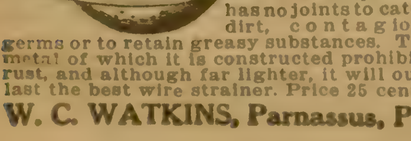

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A Royal Riddle

(Continued From Page 3)

being changed, some one fired at him again, but missed. The balance of his journey was uneventful.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when he walked out of the Gare du Nord in Paris. He had made up his mind to call on Joy and ask her for the King's address. Sentiment and surprises were all right in their places, but there was no time for it now if little Prince Rupert was to be recovered. As it happened, he neither called her up or saw her that day.

Muggins was at the curb with his battered taxi—wheezy old Muggins, whom every American in Paris felt was an old acquaintance. He saw Nayland

"'Ello! Will you 'ave a cab, Mr. Bagby, and lifted a grimy paw. Bagby?"

"Yes, you may hold it for me, Muggins. I have a phone call to make first."

The cabman lowered his tone to a confidential pitch. "If I may myke bold, sir—it ain't necessary. You was goin' to call Miss 'Udson, sir, was you not?"

"What of that?" asked the American in surprise.

Muggins winked. "It ain't at all necessary. I've 'elped Miss 'Udson more than once. I'm goin' to 'elp you now. It's the little Crown Prince you're after—nice little chikker he is, too—but that ain't neither here nor there. Come with me, Mr. Bagby, sir, an' you'll find out somethin' that's to your likin', I'll take my oath to that. Just play wise. Don't deny nothin', an'—well, come on, sir."

His curiosity thoroly piqued, Bagby tried to elicit further information from the cabman, but Muggins became stubbornly silent. He had said all that he could say. It was worth while looking into. That was all that could be mentioned on the subject.

Naturally enough, the detective entered the two-cylindered relic. Fifteen minutes later Muggins came to a stop before an elaborate dwelling in the Rue Verte, and indicated that this was the place. Bagby gave him an extra ten francs, and Muggins drove away, apparently well satisfied. Then the detective ascended the steps, and rang the bell.

A very pretty woman in a framboise organdie gown opened the door. Bagby bowed with a grace that was surprising in so small and shabby a man.

"I was sent for——" he began.

"Come in. Come in at once," she said in a voice that was evidently forced to calmness. Her eyes were dilated. Beneath the rouge her cheeks were colorless.

Bagby looked at her. There was something vaguely familiar about the woman, but even his wonderfully methodical mind could not index her. He could not recall that he had ever come in actual contact with her. Perhaps he had seen her photograph at one time.

She led him into a drawing-room that was fitted in the most exquisite style.

"Dr. Kitts," she said abruptly, "I sent for you, tho I had never met you, because I know that you are cautious—a man who understands the virtue of keeping his mouth shut."

Bagby nodded thoughtfully. His knowledge of European criminals gave him his cue instantly. This Doctor Kitts, for whom he had been mistaken, was a renegade London surgeon, who had been concerned in scores of illegal operations, the issuance of false death certificates, "body snatching" and other crimes against the profession he disgraced. The police understood that he had fled to South America. Apparently he had found a nest in Paris instead.

What connection had Muggins with this affair that he should trouble to bring Bagby here? He had spoken of the Crown Prince of Molravia. Was there some connection between this woman and the abduction?

"Perhaps," said the detective, with an admirable pretense of caution, "it would be better—even here—not to refer to me by the name of—Kitts."

"Now, what is it that you want me to do?" Muggins was most reticent.

"Do you still possess the admirable habit of keeping your mouth shut?" asked his amazing hostess.

Bagby nodded.

The woman bent closer to him, until her perfumed breath was hot on his cheeks. The dilation of her pupils convinced him that she was under the influence of a drug.

"There is a man in the next room—to be exact, my brother—who is badly wounded. He is certain to die——"

"I see. You want a false death certificate. That is easily arranged."

"No. Under other conditions that would, perhaps, suffice. As matters stand now we cannot afford any publicity. You are sufficiently hardened, I think, not to be shocked at what I am about to say. Even if you are not, twenty-five thousand francs should soften it somewhat. Listen: When my brother dies I want you to dissect his body, so that it can be carried away without attracting attention."

Bagby stared at the woman in absolute amazement. She looked as tender and womanly that the stark horror of her suggestion staggered him. In all his varied experiences with the criminal population he could think of none to match this.

The woman must have read something of that in his eyes, for she shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "He is only a half-brother, and there never was any love between us. Besides, I did not kill him, but would certainly be in trouble if the matter were discovered. Mon Dieu! you have cut up many a corpse in the dissecting-room. Why do you hesitate now with such a reward at your finger-tips?"

"It was merely your cold-blooded assurance that surprised me for a moment," explained the pseudo Doctor Kitts. "Assuredly I shan't miss the chance. My exchequer is not what it might be."

"So Muggins said. He was quite certain that you would come."

"Of course. Now, might I see the—ah—patient?"

The woman led him upstairs to a bedroom at the rear of the house. A rubber sheet had been spread over the bed, and on it lay a man, whose face was slate gray. He was breathing stertoriously, and occasionally his body twitched in a spasm of pain. A blood-soaked bandage, tied across his face, had slipped down, exposing a clotted pistol wound beneath the right eye.

Bagby leaned down, and looked at him intently. The man was Etienne Audebert, chauffeur for Augustus Pottle!

III.

WITH a little puckering between his brows, Bagby examined the wound. It was a horrible mutilation, made by an expanding bullet. The cheekbone was smashed, and the bullet had then taken a downward course, going out just under the angle of the jaw. Taken in time, Audebert's life might have been saved. Even with his superficial knowledge of medicine, Bagby saw that it was impossible now. True, the man might live for a number of hours, but the end was inevitable.

This dramatic finding of Pottle's chauffeur opened up an entirely new field of conjecture. Had his fatal wound been received in the course of abducting the little Crown Prince of Molravia? If this woman was Audebert's sister she was also Augustus Pottle's wife. Was he lurking in the vicinity?

Mademoiselle Audebert leaned against the foot of the bed, her eyes feverishly following Bagby's slightest move.

"It is imperative that we come to an understanding at once," she said. "Your knowledge of dissection is worth twenty-five thousand francs to me—me——"

"Us?"

"Never mind who. It is enough for you to know that you are dealing with me. Play square, and you will get the money just as soon as you start work. Play crooked, and——" She made a swift and suggestive motion with a finger across her white throat.

The supposed Doctor Kitts smiled. "You don't know me, madame. My reputation for doing the right thing——"

"Forgive me. I was certain of you or I should certainly have not called you in."

Bagby looked at his watch. It was half-past 5. "There is nothing I can do now," he explained. "The man will live for several hours. I will call again at—shall we say 9 o'clock?"

"Very well. You can find your way out, doctor. I will wait here."

On reaching the first floor Bagby stepped hastily into the drawing-room. A card-basket, standing on a table near the window, caught his eye. There was only one card in it—that of King Phillip of Molravia! And scrawled in lead pencil on the reverse side was an address: 987 Avenue d'Jena.

The detective dared not hesitate longer. Apparently the game was in his hands. That cold-blooded woman upstairs was alone with the dying man. She could do nothing toward disposing of the body as she planned without his help. Undoubtedly she would wait for him to return unless her suspicions were aroused—and the odds were in favor of Pottle's coming there, too. So Bagby left the house, whistling in apparent unconcern. He stopped at the Hotel de l'Univers, and called up Monsieur Henriot, chief of that marvelously efficient branch of the Paris detective force, the Brigade Mobile.

He requested that the department apprehend the individuals Pottle and Muggins, if possible; to immediately place a guard over the house at 47 Rue Verte, and to arrest any one attempting to leave. Of course, Monsieur Henriot was glad to do a favor for his distinguished fellow-worker, and would be pleased to listen to an explanation of the affair at Bagby's leisure. The latter thanked him, promised to see him as soon as possible, and continued on his way to 987 Avenue d'Jena.

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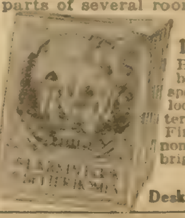

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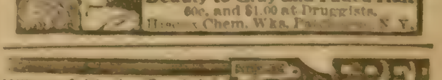

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up and down before the entrance door.

"Very well."

Bagby's card was passed to another functionary, and within a few minutes General Melnich came out. He was an elderly man, with a thin, beaklike nose, a high, bald forehead and a huge, grizzled mustache. His face was gaunt and swarthy and scored with deep lines. Bagby had heard of the General's Cossacklike behavior during the Bosnovian invasion, so he was not surprised at his stern appearance. Melnich surveyed the American with incomprehensible scorn.

"Civilians! Always civilians!" he muttered. "In my country, young man, even a common policeman must have served nine years in the army. Those in authority have all been officers——"

Bagby had never thought of apologizing for being a civilian, but, needing all the cooperation he could secure, he explained that until six months ago he had been a lieutenant-colonel in the Intelligence Department of the United States Army. Melnich thawed, and led him into the reception-room.

THE King was standing by the window, surveying the houses on the opposite side of the street. His chin was sunk on his breast, which bore many glittering orders and his face was set in an expression of anxious thought that dulled his usually keen eyes.

When he heard the footsteps he turned anxiously to the door. "You are Mr. Bagby?" he asked in perfectly correct English.

The detective bowed.

"I want your help—I must have it! Don't you see, Mr. Bagby, I'm not just a monarch seeking the return of the kronprinz—I'm a heartbroken father. God! to think—to think what they may have done to my little boy." He sank in a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"We'll get him back," said Bagby coolly. "Tell me what happened last night."

The king drew a deep breath, and said in a voice that he forced to steadiness: "I attended the performance of "Aida" at the Opera. Rupert was with me. He was horribly bored, and slept thru most of the singing. During the second entr'acte I walked downstairs with General Melnich. We engaged in conversation with several gentlemen——"

"Who were they?"

"Baron Baryan, my ambassador in Paris; Comte de Foyolle, and a—a gentleman named Pottle, an American millionaire, who is rather notorious for his expenditures. Mr. Pottle has been pursuing me in an effort to secure valuable oil concessions in Molravia. We did not, however, speak of business Wednesday night—merely of the opera and other trivialities. The Crown Prince had remained in the box. A sentry was on guard at the door—an old veteran of the Caucasus, who has been in my personal guard for years. I would have trusted him with my life. He was still at the door of the box when I returned, but my son had disappeared."

"Had the sentry no explanations?"

"None at all. He was astounded—broken-hearted—but knew nothing. Of that I am convinced. However, the police desired to interrogate him, and he is now in the Sante."

"What servants did you bring with you from Molravia?"

The king turned to his chief of staff. "You will give Mr. Bagby the name of every person in my entourage, Melnich."

"Yes, sire." The soldier produced a list from his gold-braided pocket, and read: "Adelbert, major-domo of the household; Franz Herring, chauffeur; Otto Karyal, footman; Lizt Yvan, butler; Ferdinand Poessen, valet; Bostna, the chef; Mademoiselle Mardan, governess to the kronpriz. Sergeant Kalstock, of the Guard, and the soldiers, Feldlich, Mettmann, Broeser and Sempmat. The king desired few servants, so no others were brought."

"You have photographs of them?"

Melnich went to a secretaire and brought out a bundle of pictures. Bagby riffled thru them. When he reached that of the governess he examined it carefully. His face was expressionless, but there was a leap of exultation within him. The prince's governess and the woman in the house on the Rue Verte were one and the same! If—as she said—she was Etienne Audebert's sister, she was also Pottle's wife. This explained why she had effaced herself for a year. The plot had been long in the hatching.

"Are all the servants still here?" Bagby asked.

"All save the soldier, Mettmann, who is in the Sante, and Mademoiselle Mardan. Her home was formerly in Chateau-Thiery, as I gave her permission to visit there for five days. She is not due to return until tomorrow."

"Thank you." The detective turned again to King Phillip. "You suspect no one in particular?"

"No—o—o——"

"Not—Augustus Pottle?"

Phillip sprang to his feet, eyes brilliant with excitement. "Pottle! Pottle, by God! Not another sould has suggested any one but the terrorists. What do you think, Melnich?"

The soldier's iron features relaxed in a smile. "That nincompoop, sire, is totally incapable of such a thing. He knows less of business than he knows of the art he pretends to follow. Mark me, you will find a keen-brained criminal at the bottom of this——"

"Exactly," agreed Bagby, "and that is just what Augustus Pottle is. You are chief of staff of his majesty's army, curator of the Zoological Society of Molravia, a collector of note, General Melnich, but you are not a detective. I know the man's abilities. He was seeking concessions that the king had refused. He is unscrupulous, revengeful, and has an unlimited amount of money. Depend on it, if he really has the prince, he will let the information come to you in such a roundabout way that you won't be able to prove a thing against him. Then he will make his demands."

The king nodded. He was visibly impressed.

"What do you propose to do?" he asked.

"I am afraid that I cannot explain that just now. You may be sure that I will do everything in my power to return your son to you."

He bowed, turned on his heel, and left the room.

Joy was not at home when he tried to get her, and the concierge could not tell him when she would return. There was no need for hurrying back to the house in the Rue Verte, as it was being watched by the thoroly careful men detailed from the Brigade Mobile. Juliette would certainly be caught in the trap when he sprung it, and—with luck—Pottle, too.

But neither Juliette nor Pottle were found when Bagby, returning at the appointed hour, went thru the house from cellar to garret. The dying man had been removed, as well as every trace of his presence. The gendarmes who had watched the house were totally nonplussed. They were positive that no one had left the house since they were on guard. There was only one explanation: Mademoiselle Audebert had taken fright, and left with her dying brother immediately after Bagby's departure.

The detective went to his apartment at midnight, changed his clothes to the workman's outfit he had used on more than one occasion, and departed for Montmartre on the chance of finding Muggins. His luck there was as bad as it had been in the Rue Verte. None of the cabman's intimates had seen him since the previous evening—or, at least, they swore that they had not, so morning found him with nothing accomplished on that score.

Like most strenuous men who have lost a night's sleep out of their routine, Bagby scarcely noted the lack of six or seven hours in bed. It never occurred to him to go there now in broad day-

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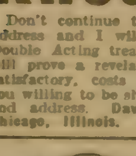

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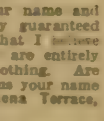

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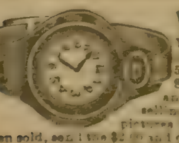

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We want boys everywhere to sell The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and "Lone Scout." Our agents make 2c profit on every Saturday Blade they sell, 2c on every Chicago Ledger and 4c on every "Lone Scout" they sell. Just a few minutes Friday afternoon or Saturday delivering to your regular customers.

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When you send your first report and if you are accepted by the Lone Scouts of America, the great boys' Organization that is without dues, we will pay for you the cost of sending you the Badge, Certificate of Membership and Booklet of Instructions. Just send me a postcard and say, "I will sell your papers," and sign your name and address carefully.

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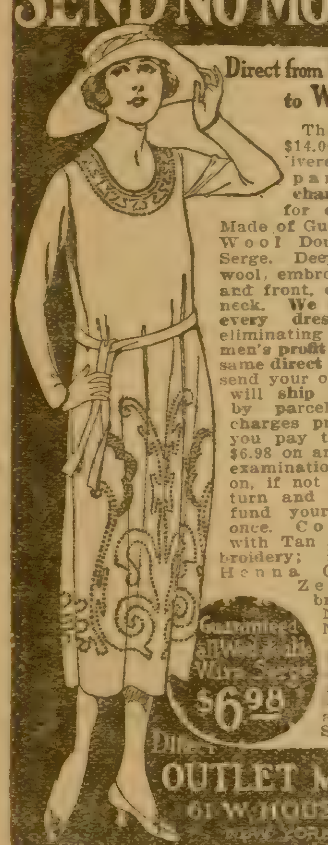

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This wonderful $14.00 dress delivered to you by parcel post **charges prepaid** for only $6.98. Made of Guaranteed All Wool Double Warp Serge. Deep all around wool, embroidery, back and front, on skirt and neck. **We manufacture every dress we sell,** eliminating all middlemen's **profit** and passing same **direct** to you. Just send your order and we will **ship immediately** by parcel post, all charges prepaid; then you pay the Postman $6.98 on arrival. After examination and try-on, if not satisfied return and we will refund your money at once. Colors, Navy with Tan Zephyr Embroidery; Navy with Henna (Deep Red) Zephyr Embroidery, or Navy with Navy Zephyr, Embroidery. Sizes 14 to 20 and 34 to 44. Be sure and send size and order as Style 263.

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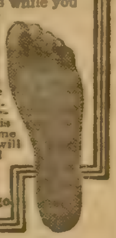
Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim that **"Fairyfoot"** is the only successful cure for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send it to you FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my cure and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for **"Fairyfoot" FREE** because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this paper again. Just send your name and address and **"Fairyfoot"** will be sent promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.



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Want to become slender, agile, healthy? See the pictures; the shadows are to give you idea of size before reduction of weight. Eat all you need. Safe, reliable; no salts or calomel, no thyroid, no loss of time. Just use **KOREIN** tabules and follow the simple, easy directions as aid to reduce 10 to 60 pounds (whatever you need to) under money-refund guarantee. Amaze all. Become lighter, younger, attractive, add years to your life! Ask for **KOREIN** tabules (pronounced *koreen*) at any drug store. Or write for FREE BROCHURE to

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Send No Money

Just your name and address—we will send you this ladies high-grade bracelet watch C.O.D. This watch is [illegible]

H. REISMAN & CO., Dept. 11-B,
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light. He took a bath and dressed. It being too early for petit dejeuner he had a cafe au lait and a croissant sent up, and then settled down to some intensive thought on the matter before him. He knew that there was a connecting link between Muggins and the murder of Etienne Audebert and the kidnaping of the Crown Prince, and Augustus Pottle, but he could not put his finger on it. Not a single theory that he formulated seemed to fit the case.

At noon he telephoned to Monsieur Henriot to learn if Muggins or Pottle had been apprehended. The detective chief's bland voice came back to him over the wire:

"Of this Muggins we so far have not a trace, unfortunately. Monsieur Pottle was murdered at the La Velie crossroads, below the Foret de Fere, before 11 o'clock this morning!"

With Augustus Pottle's career closed, if the report of his murder is true, the Audebert woman's brother dead, her whereabouts and those of Muggins and the little Crown Prince still shrouded in mystery, Bagby will have no small task in solving the perplexing riddles now forced upon him. Solve them he must, or else forfeit some of the honors that won him the title of America's leading criminologist and detective. The story will be concluded next week.

* * *

The 30th Window

(Concluded From Page 12.)

her. She has acted strangely ever since. She is entirely rational the greater part of the time and on most subjects, but our physician's emphasis on fresh air has so taken hold of her that it has become an obsession. On two occasions she has awakened in the night in a frenzy of excitement, imagining that Doris—that's our daughter—was experiencing difficulty in breathing. Each time she smashed panes of glass in the windows near the child's crib. Several days ago I accompanied her on a shopping tour and had great difficulty in restraining her from smashing a show window with an umbrella. There were wax models in the window, and she insisted that they were living beings and would choke unless they got air. I remonstrated with her, sharply, and when I told her that she would attract attention and be taken into custody she replied that she would find a way of doing it without attracting attention. That night a dozen windows were broken in the business section of Newark. My life has been a veritable hell ever since."

Sykes buried his head in his arms on the desk. In a short time he regained his self-control and sat erect in his chair.

"Gentlemen," he continued, "my problem has been a serious one. I have concealed the facts from our family physician; one does not want to see his life partner torn from him and confined in an institution. All kinds of doubts have assailed me, but I have taken no one into my confidence. I feel the need for advice, encouragement and sympathy. I want to avoid publicity. I have a small fortune and am willing to sacrifice it if it will help to relieve the situation. Of course, I shall see that no one suffers financial loss for the damage my poor wife has wrought. I place myself in your hands. What shall I do?"

Fenwick waited for Brandt to speak, but the latter was silent and so visibly affected by the man's confession that he looked anxiously toward Charlie as tho anticipating an immediate solution of the problem from that young wizard of the wires.

"My advice would be to have Mrs. Sykes see a specialist," began Charlie. "Unless he has other treatment to prescribe I would suggest that you leave Neward far behind you. I haven't the slightest idea whether absolute quiet in some little country town or constant traveling to new scenes and people is demanded, but a specialist will know. Give all your attention to your wife and daughter. They need you. And when you engage a specialist, conceal nothing from him."

"But the publicity?" objected Sykes.

"There need be none. From what you have told me I should diagnose a temporary derangement, by no means incurable. As for the damage that has been done, I'm sure that your lawyer can successfully negotiate with the plate-glass insurance companies, so that the compensation they receive will be satisfactory. A little tact and he will be able to eliminate all possibility of unpleasant notoriety. As for Brandt and me, as representatives of the law we will forget that there ever was a window mystery."

"Thank you, gentlemen." Sykes gratefully shook hands with each of them.

"I'd go to Mrs. Sykes at once," advised Fenwick. "Good-by, Mr. Sykes."

"I'll do so," promised the manufacturer as they left the room.

THE two men were silent for the first ten minutes of the ride back to Newark. Fenwick finally broke the silence.

"Are you satisfied, Brandt?" he asked.

The detective nodded.

"That's fine!" approved Charlie.

"Your theory was the right one, but our guesses were all wrong," observed Brandt.

"What do you mean?"

"Wizard, ghoul or vandal?" reminded the detective. "It was a mad woman."

"In the eyes of the police department the mystery will continue to be an open question, won't it?" was Fenwick's next question.

"You bet," assured Brandt. "But how about that ball-bearing? What was it shot from, and did you know all the time that the damage had been inflicted by those things?"

"The ball-bearing wasn't shot—it was thrown. Yes, I had an inkling from the start that ball-bearings had been used. About three years ago I saw a youngster playing with a ball-bearing at Asbury Park. He carelessly threw it, and it struck the plate-glass window of a newspaper office. It knocked a clean hole in the window, the particles of glass falling within, but the ball-bearing rebounded and landed out in the street. And now, save all your questions until we reach the hotel. I'll answer all of them during luncheon."

And Fenwick did, to Brandt's complete satisfaction.

No further windows were broken by the mysterious culprit the police had been unable to apprehend. As Chief Corson had originally predicted, the case was a nine-days' wonder and was soon forgotten. Fenwick, however, thoroly enjoyed the reading of two items on the same page of a Newark newspaper about three days after his interview with Sykes.

The first item read:

> Altho not relaxing their vigilance in the slightest degree, the police authorities have concluded that the wave of window-breaking has passed, and no further depredations are expected. It is rumored that Detective Brandt, by a clever piece of work, definitely established the fact that the damage in each case was inflicted by a steel ball-bearing shot from a slung-shot. The use of this missile results in the dislodgement of the glass at the point of contact, but the ball-bearing rebounds, failing to penetrate the glass and enter the window.

The second item read:

> Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Sykes and daughter of Washington avenue sail on the Corano next Tuesday for an extended trip to Mediterranean ports.

And Detective Brandt wears on his watch-fob a gold-plated ball-bearing presented to him by Charlie Fenwick, known in police circles as the phonic criminologist.

The End.

* * *

Fame.

"So the fair defendant was acquitted?"

"Oh, yes. The foreman of the jury laid his hand on his heart and bowed her to freedom."

"Who was the prosperous-looking man in a fur coat who approached her as she left the courtroom? A relative?"

"No, a motion picture producer. He implored her to accept a mere pittance of $5,000 a week to star in a new film."

U.S. Army Munson Last Shoe

Guaranteed to wear 6 months. Made by Endicott - Johnson Co. of pliable Chrome Leather Broad Solid Oak Leather Heels. Double Thick Soles. Dirt and Water Proof Bellows Tongue. Size 5½ to 12.

VALUE $6.00
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6 Months Guarantee

GUARANTEE You must be entirely Satisfied or we will REFUND YOUR MONEY

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Send no money with order. Merely send your name, address and size wanted. Your shoes will be sent by return mail. Pay Postman $4.45 and postage when shoes arrive.

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$2.00 BRINGS A Satisfactory Tire

6000 MILE TIRES

Save One-Half

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
28x3	$5.25	$1.50	34x4	$8.75	$2.60
30x3	5.50	1.60	34x4½	10.00	3.00
30x3½	6.50	1.75	35x4½	11.00	3.15
31x3½	6.75	1.85	36x4½	11.50	3.40
32x3½	7.00	2.00	35x5	12.50	3.50
31x4	8.00	2.25	36x5	12.75	3.65
32x4	8.25	2.40	37x5	12.75	3.75
33x4	8.50	2.50			

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Boys, here is your chance to have a real moving picture machine with film complete without cost. Simply sell 40 packets Garden Seeds at 10c each. Many other beautiful premiums—catalogue sent with first order—write quick.

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Send this ad. [NO MONEY], and get **FAMOUS KARNAK RAZOR** on 30 days **FREE** trial. Then pay $1.85, or return razor. MORE COMPANY, 484 More Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Maybe, You Can Spell?

If You Think You Can, Try This!

$15.00 Cash Prize

Capper's Farmer will give a prize of $15.00 in cash to the person who sends us the largest list of correctly spelled words made from the word "Republican," providing the list is accompaned by 50 cents to cover a one-year's subscription to Capper's Farmer.

Every person who sends in a list of words accompanied by a one-year's subscription and 50 cents, whether he wins the $15.00 prize or not will receive a reward for his efforts. See how many words you can make out of "Republican." Be the first person to win the $15.00 in cash.

REPUBLICAN

Here is a picture of an elephant carrying a banner, on which appears the word "Republican." How many different words can you make using just the letters that are in the word "Republican"? Can you make five? ten? fifteen? or [illegible]

RULES Anyone may participate in this Spelling Club. Write as plainly as you can on one side of the paper only. Make as many words as you can out of "Republican." A few of the words are, blue, can, pear, etc. Do not use more letters in the same word than there are in the word "Republican," for instance do not use the word bill, because that takes two Ls and there is only one L in "Republican." Proper names, prefixes, suffixes, obsolete and foreign words will not be counted. Words spelled alike but with different meanings can only be counted as one word. Your list will not be accepted in this Spelling Club unless you send in a one year's subscription to Capper's Farmer accompanied by a remittance of 50c. In the event of a tie between two or more Club Members, each tying Club Member will receive a prize of the same value in all respects to that tied for. This Spelling Club closes April 23, and the winner will be announced as soon as the three judges can determine to the best of their ability who has the largest list of correctly spelled words. Webster's New International Dictionary will be used as authority.

CAPPER'S FARMER, Dept. 401, Topeka, Kansas

On a separate sheet of paper I am sending you the words I have formed from the word "Republican." I am also sending you 50c to cover a one year's subscription to Capper's Farmer, which is to be sent to the following address.

Name..

Postoffice.................State.................R. F. D.......

Allatambour

Continued From Page 6

tance, her white-painted hull contrasting pleasingly with the indigo on either side, yet blending easily into the distant surf-lashed foam, swashing about as tossed by volley after volley from the Pacific's main battery—the heaving swells—that broke continuously over the five-mile stretch of outer reef which protects and forms the Bay.

To the left the channel flows its tortuous way with the outgoing tide until hindered from farther southerly progress by Oroto Point, and there makes a straight sweep seaward, to the west, thru the narrow opening between Oroto Island and the outer reef. It would be a nasty harbor entrance in a southwest blow, for at its widest it is hardly a hundred yards across. I have seen the typhoon-agitated seas break completely over the hundred-foot block of an island at Oroto Point. But I would trust my light proa like a cork to weather that channel at its worst.

Stripped to my breech-clout, I went down the slope to the boat, and, shoving off from the beach, I set sail, and, skimming easily the shallows, headed for the seaboard reef. This was my proa, and in it Mother Zuribar and I would navigate between Koki and the Triplets. It was a seaworthy craft. The main canoe, a single log-hewn hull, was a good twenty feet from bow to stern, and the cigarlike outrigger was bound by my own hands with home-grown and twisted hemp and made of the finest swamp-grown, well-cured reed to be found on Koki Island, while the poles of giant bamboo that held canoe and outrigger together, as well as those used for mast and gaff, were so well seasoned that not a crack had come in their round, shiny surfaces. Many times have I been to sea in my boat and know its every eccentricity.

I sat on the after bamboo crosspiece and steered with a paddle. The sheet from the clew of my lateen-sail tugged at the restraining turn about the thole-pin in the gunwale, but a slight pressure of my bare left foot kept it in check. The little whitecaps chased each other gleefully across the surface of the bay, and reaching up lapped the bow of my sturdy proa as if asking it to join in their porpoiselike romp.

Lightly tapping each sprightly wave, the boat sped along, seemingly eager to be on its way. Little flecks of spray flew over me and felt cool, refreshing.

It was good to be out in the open, free of clothes and restraint. I made for the reef, where the turbulence, the resounding boom of the never-tiring surf, and the continuous shower of water would give me inspiration.

Mother Zuribar was at home in her room, all alone with her beads, saying prayers. That is all right for a woman, but when I want clear thought give me free way by the ocean, and there ideas seem to germinate in my mind. Amid the tumble and toss of the waters, standing knee-deep in spume, with the spray whipping my face, I planned my trip—as far as the Triplets. My actions thereafter circumstance and immediate emergency would control.

From where I stood I could faintly see three close-set points of land in the distant northwest; seemingly they floated in the azure sky. A broad strip of space separated from them the horizon-line and spoke plainer than numbers of distance. Many miles of the Pacific's deepest water lay between me and these mountain peaks—the Triplets, so called. My boat would take Mother Zuribar and I there safely.

Turning, I patted the bobbing bow of the proa that tugged at the painter I held in hand. Jumping aboard again, I hoisted sail and rapidly sped homeward, glad to be the man commissioned to "Go get Allatambour."

Quickly the week of preparedness flew by, and I succeeded in acquiring a suitable coat of tan that made me again appear like a true Kokian, if—color-counted. My muscles were hardening by paddling about the bay, swimming, and climbing the tall trunks of the cocoanut—palms. Clothes were taboo for me, for I would go as an outcast seeking a new home. I felt that as such I might be better received among such barbarous heathens as these people of the Triplets were reported as being.

Yet, how little I knew of the conditions among such savages.

The day of departure came, and I made my last attempt to dissuade Mother Zuribar from accompanying me.

"Now, mother," I began, by taking her soft, shapely shoulders firmly in my hands and trying to speak in a manner to impress her with the wisdom of accepting my words as final, "you know it is foolish of you to expose yourself as will be necessary on this trip; it's a needless danger. You stay home and meet me when I come back. I won't be long."

"I'm going with you!" And her black eyes flashed with determination as they looked steadily into mine.

"But, mother——"

"I'm going!" was her final answer.

So it was left.

IN THE proa everything was shipshape. The forward end I roofed with water-tight, hand-woven dice-straw matting, and under this I stowed a two weeks' supply of tea, rice, dried fish, yams, bananas, and cocoanuts with a twenty-gallon breaker of fresh water, a small slab of sandstone on which to build small cooking fires, kindling, matches, and Mother Zuribar's bedding. Aft of this cabin I had extended my free deck by covering a part of the bamboo boom (to the outrigger) and gunwale with split bamboo, thus making a fairly flat deck where both of us could sit comfortably.

For weapons I took only two, my bolo, which I have found indispensable and have used for cutting firewood, toothpicks and heads equally often; then, for close-up work I carried a slender kris, short but deadly. One thrust of this vicious little weapon, a twist, and I can open a man as a fisherman does a bass. It is a handy little knife, and when concealed in the cloth belt of my bleech-clout it is convenient and unnoticed.

While I was overhauling my sail and gear the morning of the starting day—I figured on sailing at noon and at six knots average speed, making the Triplets at about daylight the next morning—who should come onto the beach to see me but old Malakai, the distiller. He seemed ill at ease. The old codger really thinks a deal of me, I believe, and he was on hand for no other reason than to wish me Godspeed.

After passing the time of day, and as a means of making conversation, he asked:

"Have you heard about Urido?"

"No," I answered, looking up.

He shook his old gray head dubiously.

"He escaped from the guards last night."

"So?" I said, not feeling particularly interested, but called upon to say something.

"Yes, he's at large to kill more peaceable, Godfearing priests," the old man grumbled. "Strange how his mania affects him—he's docile as a lamb with most of us, but let a man of the church come near and he seems uncontrollable."

Altho not intended as such, I felt that the first part of the remark cast a reflection on the local constabulary, so, being an officer myself, took the words a little personally, but I thought best to keep quiet.

I applied myself to stowing foodstuffs and bedding in the proa's cabin, and, being out of the old fellow's sight, conversation lagged.

Before noon a crowd of neighbors and others began gathering, and when Mother Zuribar joined me, a number of our friends were on hand.

Mother Zuribar was dressed as I had not seen her for years. She wore the raffia skirt of the primitive style worn by the native girls and women in my boyhood days, but since replaced by the one-piece calico slip. From her waist up she wore nothing but coral ornaments principally included in a long and heavy necklace of the shell, which she had draped over her shoulders and down front and rear. Her well-oiled black hair was hanging loose.

Where she got the dress I could not guess, and I suppose I looked my surprise, as did all the people about.

She laughed and, dropping a curtsy to the gathered friends, she spoke to me:

"How do you like mother in her girlhood finery?"

"Just fine!" I assured her as I took her hand and helped her in the boat.

"You wanted to go as a real Kokian—why not I?" she asked. She looked girlish. I stooped and kissed her to let her understand that I approved.

Old Malakai stepped up and spoke:

"Maria, you look the girl again; it has been many years since I saw that garb. Let's see"—he was reminiscent—"about the time the Saucy Belle, that American ship, stopped in for supplies, and you met up with the captain's bride——"

"Hush your mouth!" Mother Zuribar spoke sharply. Turning at this seemingly discourteous remark, I noticed a vivid flush spread over her face. She was confused, but she quickly recovered and made some laughing rejoinder. Old Malakai looked guiltily at me. I did not understand this by-play between them, but they had known each other for the length of her life, he had been a friend of both her parents, and this was very likely another chapter of her early days that she had kept a closed book to me. As I was busy shoving off I did not think more of it.

Hurriedly friends kissed us and whispered prayers for our safe return. Then a hearty shove, a light jump that landed me in my place to steer, and we were off for the Triplets, with a waving, loving crowd behind us.

THE tide was in full, and with a few strong strokes of the paddle I sent the proa well off shore, where I could hoist sail; then I headed straight out, passed the moored Supply to cross the seaward reef close in to the north end just before it merges into Cocos Island. A deep spot there makes it possible for light-draft boats to navigate if the helmsman is well acquainted with the approaches.

Mother Zuribar wore a brave smile on her face as she waved farewell to those lifelong friends on the beach. However, I saw a suspicion of moisture in the corners of her eyes, and looking back at the gracefully curved contour of the south shore, groved with cocoanut and mangoes, which almost hid the nestling village, I felt a moisture in my own, for that sheltered haven was home, and the dwindling spots of varied color distributed upon the beach were the bright-hued calicos worn by our dearest friends.

We neared the reef. My attention was all needed at the paddle to steer the proa thru the north passage safely. As we entered the rush of waters, and I swept the stern clear of a threatening jagged mass of coral, I could not but

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THERE ARE 30,000,000,000,000 RED BLOOD CORPUSCLES in your blood and each one must have iron.

Today about one person out of every three is said to suffer more or less from the great devitalizing weakness brought on by malnutrition or lack of sufficient nourishment; which is caused NOT BY LACK OF FOOD but often by LACK OF SUFFICIENT ORGANIC IRON in the blood to enable us to GET THE STRENGTH OUT of our food.

IRON IS THE MASTER PRINCIPLE OF THE BLOOD AND BLOOD IS LIFE. Our forefathers ate the husks of grains and the skins and peels of vegetables and fruits, rich in strength-giving organic iron, but modern methods of cookery throw all these things away — hence the alarming increase, in recent years, in Anaemia—iron starvation of the blood with all its attendant ills.

When, as a result of iron starvation, you get up feeling tired in the morning, when you find yourself nervous, irritable and easily upset; when you can no longer do your day's work without being all fagged out at night; when your digestion all goes wrong, or you have pains across the back, shortness of breath, heart palpitation or your face looks pale and drawn, do not wait until you go all to pieces and collapse in a state of nervous prostration, or until in your weakened condition you contract some serious disease, but consult your family physician and have him take a specimen of your blood and make a "blood-count" of your red blood corpuscles or test the iron-power of your blood yourself by adding plenty of spinach, carrots, or other iron-containing fruits and vegetables to your daily food and take organic iron—Nuxated Iron—with them for a while and see how much your condition improves. Thousands of people have surprisingly increased their strength, energy and endurance in two weeks time by this simple experiment. But be sure the iron you take is organic Nuxated Iron and not metallic iron which people usually take and which is made merely by the action of strong acids on small pieces of iron —an entirely different iron from Nuxated Iron. The fact that you may have taken metallic iron without receiving any benefit does not prove that Nuxated Iron will not help you. Nuxated Iron represents organic iron in such a highly concentrated form that one dose is estimated to be approximately equivalent (in organic iron content) to eating half a quart of spinach or one quart of green vegetables. It is like taking extract of beef instead of eating pounds of meat. Nuxated Iron is used by over 4,000,000 people annually.

Benedictus PP. XV

WHAT THE VATICAN SAYS ABOUT NUXATED IRON

"I am happy to inform you that your gift of Nuxated Iron has been accepted with particular gratitude by the Holy Father, who, persuaded by its beneficial effects, and AFTER HAVING IT SPECIALLY ANALYZED BY THE DIRECTOR OF THE PHARMACY OF THE VATICAN, formulates the most sincere wishes that your product may become famous and be as appreciated by the public AS ITS VALUE CERTAINLY MERITS."

(J. Tedeschini, Institute of the Secretary of State - Vatican)

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"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

Shaving made Tom's face smart

MAYBE he shaved too close—or his razor was dull—or something. Anyhow it stung and burned and smarted and bothered him generally till the druggist advised

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32x3½	6.75	1.75	35x4½	9.65	3.15
31x4	7.75	1.95	36x4½	9.95	3.25
32x4	7.95	2.25	35x5	10.50	3.45
33x4	8.25	2.40	37x5	10.75	3.65

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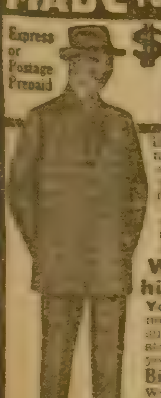

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think of the old U. S. cruiser whose bottom was ripped from her as she, in a forlorn hope to save her during a terrible typhoon, endeavored to negotiate this same narrow way thru the reef.

The angry, swirling brine gripped our craft in firm embrace and, lifting it high, tried to twirl it as in a vortex, but by strong and rapid dips of my paddle I broke the side twist, and the gripping force shot us thru the gap amid flying spume and surging surf. It really took but an instant, and the exceeding calm of the open sea as we shot out onto the glasslike surface seemed oppressive after the exhilarating turmoil of the reef.

Even with the light breeze my sturdy little proa sped along thru the still water and carried us past familiar scenes on the island. The tufted palm groves we passed in their martial upright regularity like companies of plumed lancers seemed guardians of Koki's peace and prosperity, and the occasional stragglers leaning pitiably or fallen prone were but the indiscreet whose rooting in the sand had pulled from under them.

Old Malakai's snug little hut nestling in the ferns came in sight with the grove around it that grew to the water's edge, and a glimpse was given me down a stretch of the white shell road that led to our little home near the village.

As I looked along this even highway among the trees I thought I saw a figure of a man dash across it headed for the beach, but the distance was considerable and I could not be sure; and a few minutes later I thought I saw the same man, a native—for it seemed to me he wore only a breech-clout—emerge from among the palms bordering a little inlet way ahead, which was all hemmed in by wicket-weirs set as fishtraps, and he plunged into the water.

He certainly was not fishing, for it was not a place for fishing without a net and a proa load of beaters, or a spear in the hands of a man experienced in trap fishing, and he had none of these things.

My thoughts wandered as no solution offered for the man's action, and it mattered not to me if he sought the water for any cause.

We were on our way to the Triplets, and I was pleased with the favorable start; it seemed good for the future. The easy fanning of the southwest breeze carried us at good pace, and I could feel fairly secure in relying upon it, for January seldom brings a calm in these waters.

I steered away from the shore to a more westerly course, allowing for a little northward drift in the currents that passed Koki's shores.

Mother Zuribar was reclining in the bottom of the canoe at my feet, basking in the luxury of warm sunshine and balmy sea air.

"Enjoying yourself?" I asked.

"Ah, Alonzo, it is good to be alone with you in your boat, but"—an expression of pain clouded her face as she thought of where we were bound, as her next remark explained—"I wish we were not bound for the Triplets and that fiend Allatambour."

"Do you believe all these tales of horror about him?" I asked, smiling.

"Yes," was her quiet answer.

Then she seemed to think of other and more pleasant things, for the strained lines of her face relaxed.

"You heard Malakai mention the Saucy Belle, the American ship?" she asked, as if speaking her thought.

"Yes."

"Well, she was a real sailing ship—two hundred days out of Gloucester for Hong-Kong, and the captain, Miles Gregory, had brought his bride to make the voyage with him. They stopped in at Koki Bay for water and fresh fruit. The young lady came ashore. And, Alonzo, she was a beautiful girl—so fair—why, her hair was like the sunbeams glistening on the wet ricestraw that covers the proa's bow, her eyes were blue like the ocean deeps, and her skin so white, with pinkness shining thru, that I used to think of the inner side of the large seashells men gather on the reef. I want you to find a girl like that, Alonzo.

"Her husband was just the opposite; hair and eyes black as yours, and bushy brows that lent a fearful look to his face when he scowled—which was never at his bride—and he was so strong that even our best men on Koki feared to cross him. The bride seemed to take a fancy to me, and asked me to go with her for the rest of her trip to China. I was only a child of 15 then, but I liked her and went. Old Malakai didn't want me to go, and made grewsome prophecies for the trip, which almost made my father and mother refuse to let me leave. But I would have gone if I had been forced to swim out to the ship, for I wanted to travel—to get away from the Spanish slavery at home.

"However, I went with consent, and was the happiest girl in the world when I got aboard, and they gave me a room off the cabin all to myself. I wore this selfsame dress I now have on—the same coral necklace, too. I have saved these clothes on purpose as a reminder of my first real happy experience.

"Well, we sailed away. Our course lay the same as you are taking, for it was

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8	5	18	5	25
15	21	1	18	5

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE. WIN FINE PRIZE
The figures in the squares represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B, 3 is C, and so on. The ten figures spell three words. Send the three words on a slip of paper with your name and address quick if you want to win. I have given away many Autos and scores of other prizes. My plan is so simple it is easy to win prizes and cash rewards.

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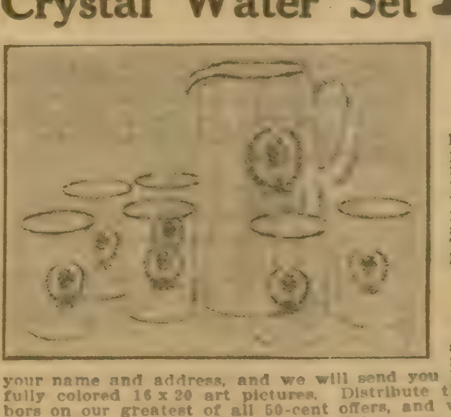

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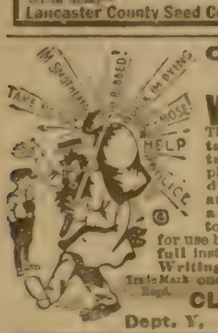

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Throw your voice under the table, back of a door, into a trunk, desk in School, any old place. Big FUN fooling Peddlers, Policemen, Friends, anybody. This Claxophone is a small device that lays on your tongue unseen, always ready for use by anyone. Claxophone with full instructions; also Set of Secret Writing Tricks, all sent for 10c one dime. (No Stamps)
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Or scold older persons who wet the bed or are unable to control their water during the night or day, for it is not a habit but a Disease. If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write today for a Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved tell your friends about it. Send no money.
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GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 345, CHICAGO

January—just as it is now—and the breezes were from the southwest. Capt. Miles Gregory said he would make a long tack northwest, then drop down south—I heard him explain it to his bride. We were all so happy.

"The third night out—we had made slow time, as she was not a fast ship—we were off some islands, when—— What is that?" she suddenly asked, raising her head and pointing off our starboard bow.

I HAD been watching the changeable expressions on her face during her recital and was enjoying it when the interruption came. I followed the direction of her pointing finger and saw a commotion in the water close at hand. I watched for a minute.

"It's a man!" I exclaimed, surprised.

"Out here so far?" she asked, and I didn't blame her for being incredulous, for we were now at least five miles off shore.

"Yes," I said, and continued watching as I brought the boat around to see who it might be.

The powerful strokes of the man as he forced himself thru the water, and his seemingly tireless strength made me marvel.

"There's only one man from Koki who could swim it and be going so strong," I remarked.

"Who?" she asked.

But I did not answer, for of a sudden I remembered what condition the man I thought of was in. Urido, the mad Kokian, was the only man capable of this feat, I felt sure. But I did not want Mother Zuribar alarmed by mention of his name—I might be mistaken. This possibly could be some fisherman whose boat had swamped near by, and not Urido, swimming lustily after covering the five miles from shore.

We drew close. The man was on his side swimming with apparently only one end in view—to catch up with us. I tried to see his face, but the wave he made hid it. That brawny, dusky arm that cleft so regularly and that low-ducked head with its water-matted shock of jet black hair could belong to only one man. It was Urido.

I remembered Malakai's chance remark about him. "He escaped from the guards last night," and later when he said: "He's docile as a lamb with most of us, but let a man of the church——" I hoped Malakai was right as far as being docile with us.

Not a word did Urido speak until his reaching hand gripped the bow of my boat, then he simply blurted: "Hello."

"Hello, Urido," I greeted, speaking kindly, but feeling to see that my bolo was near at hand. "Where're you bound?" I asked.

"Allatambour—hear him howl!" he said, as he easily hoisted his bulky six-foot-six of muscle over the prow and squatted complacently on his haunches, his bare feet each on a gunwale. He looked at me, then laughed a grating, harsh laugh.

"Shall I give you a lift back to the beach?" I proffered, swinging the proa in toward shore.

"No," Urido snarled, "Allatambour—ha-ha-ha!" and he laughed his jarring laugh again.

"All right," I said.

"No," he roared, suddenly moving as if to jump overboard again on the far side from the land.

"What would you, Urido?" I asked.

"You go hear Allatambour's howl—I go, too," he announced calmly, sitting back once more as I let the bow come headed seaward.

He would hear to no other course—every time I started to turn back to the island he would go overboard and start alone to swim for the Triplets. I could not let him drown.

Ledger readers will probably hail with delight this thrilling story of life in the islands of the South Pacific seas, where black savages and cannibalism are still to be reckoned with. Will he outwit and capture the ferocious, terrible Allatambour, the awful chieftain who drives his captives crazy, even if they are fortunate enough to effect their escape? This is an eight-part narrative. Part two next week.

* * *

Putting on the War Paint.

Scene—Dressing-room of any big office building.

Time—11:45 any Saturday morning.

Persons of the Drama—Twenty-four young women, all powdering their noses.

BLONDE BEAUTY (powdering vigorously)—It's lovely; a perfectly plain afternoon gown.

Brunette Beauty (at next washstand)—How much?

Blonde Beauty—One hundred and twenty-five. I'm going to get it, don't care what mother says.

Newcomer (yawning)—Oh, dear, wonder when there's going to be a washstand?

Brown Eyed Beauty (taking off her blouse and going in for extensive ablutions)—Didn't have time to wash this morning. (She giggles delightedly.) I met the milkman when I got home from the dance.

Gray Eyed Beauty (casting a bitter glance in her direction)—You aren't supposed to take your bath here.

Red Haired Beauty—Lend me your powder rag, Tess?

Tess (a bit of a cat)—You mean my palette rag, don't you?

Hazel Eyed Beauty—I get so nervous Saturday morning I can't work. We never know whether we're going to have Saturday afternoon off or not. It makes you awful nervous.

Green Eyed Beauty (scandalized)—Don't you always have Saturday afternoon off?

Hazel Eyed Beauty (with a sigh)—No. You can never tell what they're going to do. Last week I had to stay till half past five.

Green Eyed Beauty (horrified)—Well, I never. They've got their nerve, all right.

Newcomer (same girl)—Oh, dear; wonder when there's goin' to be a washstand?

Golden Eyed Girl—Ss-h. That girl in the corner is washing out her collar. This ain't a laundry.

Girl With Agate Eyes (adjusting her lips carefully)—At the Ritz last night——

Newcomer (same girl)—Oh, dear; wonder when there's goin' to be a washstand?

(The door opens swiftly. An unpowdered, unpainted girl appears on the threshold. She wears a stout looking suit, with a sweater underneath, low broad shoes, a careless tam o' shanter and woolen gloves. She directs a scowling glance toward the Blonde Beauty, who is engaged in putting the last touch to her eyebrows.)

Unpowdered and Unpainted Girl (fiercely)—Lookit! If you think I'm going to wait any longer. You said you'd be only a minute. I'd hate to be so crazy about myself that I spent all Saturday afternoon looking in the glass.

(She goes out, slamming the door vigorously.)

Brunette Beauty—Is that your sister?

Blonde Beauty (delicately carving her eyelashes)—Yes, she don't care how she looks.

Newcomer (same girl)—Oh, dear; wonder when there's goin' to be a washstand?

(The door opens again with a bounce.)

Unpainted and Unpowdered Girl (looking in fiercely and directing an annihilating glance toward the Blonde Beauty)—Tell mother I've gone skating.

(She slams the door with finality.)

* * *

First Aid.

"HARRY," exclaimed the blushing maiden, "this declaration of love is so sudden that I hardly know what to say. I was unprepared for it. It unnerves me."

"I was afraid it might," said the young druggist, rising with alacrity from his knees, "and I brought with me a bottle of my unrivaled nerve tonic. This preparation, my darling," he added, soothingly, as he took the bottle from his pocket, quickly extracted the cork and poured a quantity of the medicine into a spoon he had also brought with him, "will allay any undue excitement, quiet the nerves, aid indigestion, and restore lost appetite. I sell it at one dollar a bottle. This is a dose for an adult. Take it, dearest."

* * *

An Unexpected Demonstration.

THE farmer paused, open-mouthed, in front of the fire station.

"D'ye have many fires in this town?" he asked.

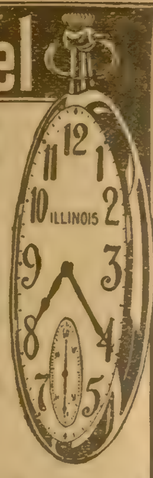
"Pretty often," replied a fireman.

"Ever try to see how quick you can turn out?" said the inquirer.

Just then the alarm was sounded and in a moment the men rushed to their posts, the doors flew open and the horses were prancing down the street.

"Gosh," said the farmer, "there ain't many fellers who would go to such a lot of trouble to show a feller what they can do!"

Uric Acid Poisoning
(By Dr. N. C. Cook)
A poison as dangerous as strychnine is manufactured within our own bodies, called uric acid. When it accumulates in the body and the kidneys fail to carry it off, we suffer from dull headache, sleeplessness, muscular pains, lumbago, or it may cause rheumatism or gout. The uric acid can be seen in the cloudy sediment in the water—what is called the "brick-dust," noted on the sides of the vessel containing it—after a few hours' standing. The water is scant, high-colored, strongly acid, and this should be a danger sign, and if not taken in time by cutting out the meat, tea and alcohol, may end in rheumatism or gout.
Take "An-uric," first discovered by Dr. Pierce, of the Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y. Anuric (anti-uric acid) Tablets can be obtained at almost any drug store.



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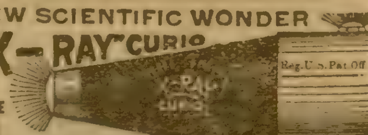
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Projeckin' Sons

(Continued From Page 7.)

Honduras. I wuz a young man when I lef' fum de States—'bout 22. Jes' befo' I lef' fum up dah mah wife died an' lef' me wid a little boy chile, 'bout five munts ol'——"

Hector paused. "How ol' is you?" he asked suddenly.

"Twenty-two."

Hector nodded. "Dat's close 'nough. Ain't gwine nobody know de diffunce. Anyhow, you don' look lak you's mo'n 21."

Hector turned and beckoned to the bartender. "Sen' dat boy over heah wid some good seegars."

When the big, black cigars were going good, the man from Tela continued: "Bein' a ramblin' soht o' feller, I 'cided to come to de tropics, which I done, leavin' de chile wid some relations. At fus' I kep' writin' back home 'casionally, but after while I didn't do dat so reg'lar. Finally, when de boy wuz 'bout 15 yeahs ol' he done tuk to ramblin' 'roun', an' de folks he wuz livin' wid ain't heern nothin' fum him in a long time. You is follerin' me, ain't you?"

Rebus nodded. "I's right along wid you."

Hector knocked the ashes from his cigar, adding still further to the belittered appearance of the table. Then leaning back in his chair, he continued:

"After roamin' 'roun' foh a good many yeahs I comed heah to Honduras, locatin' at Tela. I wuz somewhat exprised to fin' dat a 'oman who wuz de sister o' mah daid wife had also done moved to Tela. She wuz livin' dah wid her husban', a Jamaica niggah whut she had met in de States an' ma'ied. Bye an' bye her husban' up an' died an' lef' her a little plantation an' some yuther property. Dis 'oman exposed o' de property fum time to time, an' is been depositin' de money wid a concern in Puerto Cortez. She stahted doin' dat befo' dey wuz any bank in eider Ceiba or Puerto Cortez. De banks jes' got stahted heah las' yeah, an' dah ain't none in Tela till yit. De firm she put her money wid is lak'n to dis——"

Hector took a pull at his cigar, then sniffed his disgust. "Dis thing is done gone out." He searched thru his pockets for a match. "Huh! Ain't got nary match. Wait till I gits me one."

Rebus thrust a long, bony hand across the table. "Hol' on. Heah's a piece o' match."

Hector accepted the broken-back match proffered by Rebus, and when his cigar was again performing its duty in a satisfactory manner, continued his tale.

"De name o' de firm is Baldwin an' Company. Dey is English folks an' is been in bus'ness in Puerto Cortez foh a long time. Dey's got a big sto', an' sells anything dat anybody in Honduras ever wants to buy. Dey sells groceries, cloth, clo'se, shoes, machets, an'—an' ev'ything. Dey does a bankin' bus'ness also, an' a exchange bus'ness, exchangin' de money o' dis country foh de money o' de States an' yuther countries, tho since banks is came to some o' de towns dey ain't doin' as much bankin' bus'ness as dey uster. You knows de kin' o' sto' I's tawkin' 'bout, if'n you's looked 'roun' heah in Ceiba much, 'cause dey's two firms heah whut does de same kin' o' bus'ness."

Rebus nodded. "Yeh, I's been in one o' dem. A long, ramblin' kin' o' buildin'. Looks soht o' lak a big sto' in a country town in de States whut furnishes farmers, on'y it's mo' messed up—things all piled on top o' one nother."

Hector grinned. "Dat's it. Ev'ything all piled 'bout. Well, dey's some o' de people down heah whut kep' on doin' dey bankin' wid dem kin' o' firms even after de banks got stahted in. Dis 'oman I's tellin' you 'bout wuz one o' dem kin'."

Mistuh Lammons paused and regarded his cigar menacingly. "Disyeah sho' is one bum smoke. I think it's made out'n sea weed. Dat's one thing 'bout dis country—plenty o' tobacco heah, an' you has to sen' to de States foh a decent smoke."

With a snort of disgust the big negro dropperd the partly smoked cigar on the table and continued. "As I wuz sayin'—dat 'oman she exposed o' all her property an' 'posited de money wid Baldwin an' Company. In de meanwhiles I'd done got ma'ied, an' as she wuz a kin' o' relative o' mine an' didn't have no house lef' to live in, she comed to bo'd wid me an' mah wife, payin' us bo'd. Mah wife runs a bo'din' house, anyhow."

Hector moved his chair nearer the table and leaned forward until his face was within a few inches of that of his companion.

"Den 'while back dat 'oman up an' died. She lef' a will, an' dat's whuh de trouble stahted. De will done say dat ev'ything whut she had on 'posit wid Baldwin an' Company goes to dat projeckin' son o' mine, previdin' he comes forwards an' is in Puerto Cortez to claim it on de twentieth day o' June, dis yeah. An' dis is de eighth day o' June. If'n he don' be dah, why de money goes to a lodge in Tela called de Knights an' Ladies o' de Guidin' Light, an' is to be used by de lodge foh benyfits, espenses, regalias an' so on, 'cordin' to de idees o' fool ol' niggah whut's president an' treasurer o' de lodge. His name is Pete Paggley.

Hector Lammons paused and scratched his head thoughtfully. "De exumcutor o' de will is a yellow niggah doctah fum Kingston, Jamaica, named Doctah Percy Shade. He's made efforts to fin' mah son, but he ain't foun' him. An' dat ongrateful ol' 'oman ain't lef' me nothin', after all I done fah her, ma'ien her sister, an' lettin' her bo'd wid me."

Rebus grunted his sympathy. "An' you don' think yo' son kin be foun'?"

Hector grunted. "Dey ain't no tellin' whuh dat triflin' niggah is. Fac' is, fum whut I's heerd 'bout dat triflin' boy it wouldn't exprise me none, if'n somebody ain't done knocked him in de haid by dis time. Anyhow, he ain't knowin' nothin' 'bout dis, an' if'n he should come 'long later, I kin fix things wid him, 'cause I'll be done saved de money fum gwine to de lodge, an' he'll be willin' to 'vide. Y'see if'n he wuz to make a holler he'd lose it all, 'count not bein' dah on de twentieth, an' de lodge'd 'git it back. 'Sides——"

Hector chuckled. "I mout not be in Tela when he shows up. I's been thinkin' some o' movin', anyhow."

REBUS JEETER looked at the empty beer bottles before him reprovingly. Taking the hint, Mr. Lammons ordered. With fresh bottles before them, Hector continued.

"Dat wuz a foolish ol' 'oman, anyhow.

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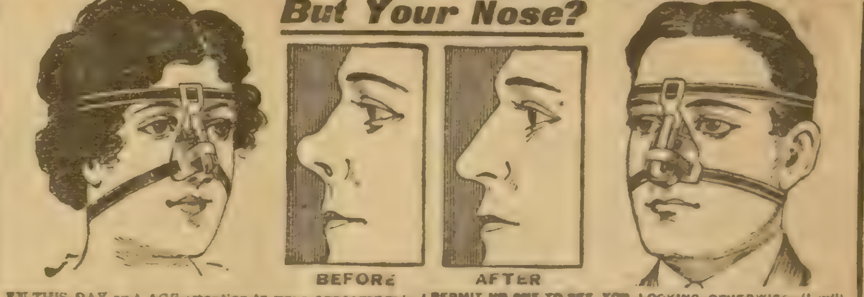

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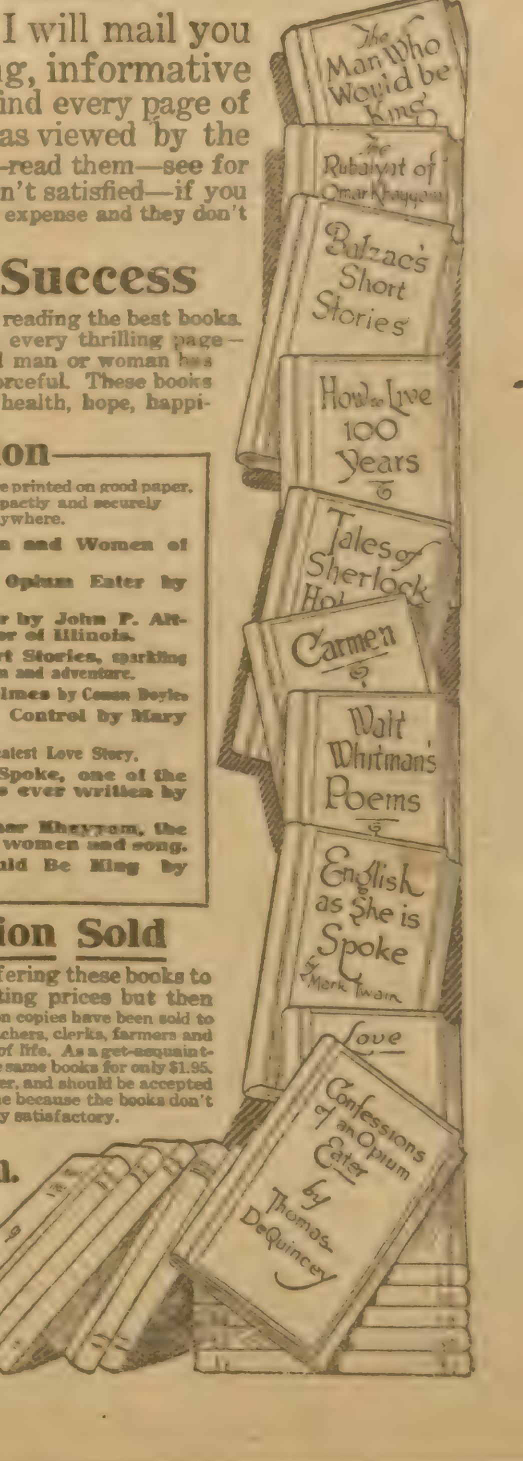
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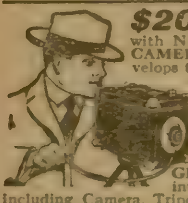

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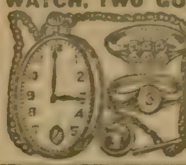

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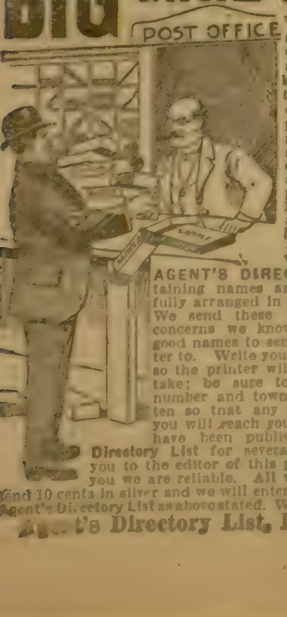

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You never could tell whut she wuz gwine do."

Rebus shook his head. "You is done gone off an' lef' me, Brudder Lammons. I wuz right 'long besides you foh a while, but now I's 'way behime. I ain't onderstandin'——"

Hector smiled; a fatherly sort of smile. "Dat's easy. I gwine let you ketch up. Whut I's comin' to is dis. Mah boy's name is Bruno, an' you's gwine be him—Bruno Lammons. Us is gwine be in Puerto Cortez on the twentieth o' June an' git de money whut is willed to him, an' den you is gwine to go over to Guatemala o' somewhuh wid a nice little stake in yo' pocket, an' fohgit all 'bout it, an' dey ain't gwine nobody know de diff'unce."

Rebus was beginning to see the light. "Uh, huh!" he grunted. "An how much money wuz it de 'oman lef'?"

"Doctah Shade is got in his possession receipts fum Baldwin an' Company foh fo' thousan—no——" Hector was becoming careless; "two thousan' dollahs."

Rebus grinned. "You wuz right de fus' time, Brudder when you said fo' thousan'. Don' try to put nothin' over on me, 'cause I is a hones' man, an' if'n I helps a man pull off sumpthin' he is got to be hones' wid me."

Rebus shook his head. "A hundred dollahs ain't 'nough foh gittin' fo' thousan' dollahs foh you. 'Sides—dey's danger in it."

Hector waxed eloquent in his efforts to prove that there could be no danger whatsoever in the transaction. Everything would be dead easy. . . . All Rebus had to do was to carry out instructions. . . . Then—when it was all over, step on board a boat and ride something like eighty miles to Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, with a nice little stake in his pocket—and no one the wiser.

The money rightfully belonged to Hector—so that gentleman argued. He had believed it would be left to him, or why would he have allowed the woman to board with him? Ask him would he have shown her that consideration. Certainly not. True, his wife ran a boarding-house and the woman paid good board, but he wouldn't have had her around had he known she was going to prove an ingrate.

The lodge had no right to the money. The lodge hadn't boarded the departed, had it? The lodge had silly notions of using the money to help its members when they were sick, and for parades and such like. Hector might become sick himself. And he could do all the parading he wanted done.

But there was one thing Hector and Rebus couldn't exactly agree on. That was the amount Rebus should receive for being the projeckin' son. There was much argument, with the result that at the end of an hour and a half of pros and cons, an agreement was reached whereby Rebus was to receive his expenses until the transaction should be completed—fifty dollars payable immediately, and two hundred dollars additional when the money should be received from Baldwin and Company and turned over to Hector Lammons. Hector intended being on hand when Rebus did the receiving, in order to see that the handing over was attended to without delay.

So—with all details arranged, Hector Lammons and his newly found projeckin' son, Bruno Lemmons, left the saloon and wandered down to the beach preparatory to boarding the Kate Esau, soon to sail for Tela.

PETE PAGGLEY, proprietor of the North Pole Ice Cream and Soft Drink Parlor, saw the last customer for the evening leave the place, and then turned to his friend Kid Scoot, waiting impatiently at one of the little tables in a rear room.

Old Pete approached the table grinning. "Whut's on yo' min', Kid—settin' dah lookin' lak somebody is done stepped on yo' biggest corn?"

Kid jerked his head toward the front of the building. "Shet dat front do'—I's got 'pawtant bus'ness to tawk wid you 'bout."

With the door closed, old Pete drew a chair up to the table and sat down opposite his prize-fighter friend. "Whut's de trouble, Kid? Tell de ol' man 'bout it."

Kid grunted. "You ain't gwine be so blamed glad you knows it when I tells you."

Something in Kid's tone warned Pete that it was just possible he was going to receive some disquieting information. Nevertheless the old man was game. "Go 'head an' tell me 'bout it. It ain't gwine kill me even do' it may sp'ile mah looks a little bit."

Kid shook his head. "You mighty right it's gwine sp'ile yo' looks. It's gwine sp'ile ev'ything you's got. It's lak dis, Pete: You know dat will o' de Widder Skimley's whut lef' all her money to de Knights an' Ladies o' De Guidin' Light, previdin' her nephew, Bruno Lammons, don't come 'long an' claim it."

Pete nodded. "Yah. De thing is to be closed up on de twentieth. Dis is de eighth. Bruno Lammons ain't comed an' he ain't comin'. Don' nobody know whuh dat boy is, an' de b'lief is dat he's daid."

Kid frowned. "Dat b'lief is a lie. He ain't daid—an' he ain't missin'. He is heah in Telsa!"

Old Pete's eyes rolled. "Heah in Tela! When he got heah?"

Kid cleared his throat. "Jes' got in a little while ago on de Kate Esau fum Ceiba. Come fum down dah wid his paw, Hector Lammons. Seem lak Hector knowed Bruno was comin' to Ceiba fum New 'Leans an' went down dah to meet him."

Had the roof suddenly caved in on Pete he would not have been more crushed. As president and treasurer of the Knights and Ladies of the Guiding Light he had counted heavily on the money conditionally left that organization by the will of Mrs. Drusellus Skimley. The lodge needed a bunch of new regalia—there were certain benefits to be looked after—many things could be done with the four thousand dollars represented by the receipts left by the deceased. There was some talk of a clubroom. . . . Pete, the founder of the lodge, had looked forward with great hopes to the day when this money should be paid over by Baldwin and Company, and the memory of Sistuh Skimley, departed star member of the lodge perpetuated forever on the records of the lodge she had honored with her membership.

Pete argued that Bruno Lammons could not be in Tela. Kid argued that not only could Bruno be in Tela—he was there. Kid had seen him with his own eyes.

"How us knows it's him?" Pete wanted to know.

Kid sniffed. "His daddy says dat's him, an' I reckons he had ought to know. Hector is got a picture o' his boy tooken when he wuz a chile—an' Bruno looks lak dat chile might look when he growed up. An' Bruno kin tawk a lot o' fac's 'bout his aunt whut's daid—an' all his yuther folks. Don' you git it in yo' haid dat dey can't prove whut dey wants to. Doctah Percy Shade is de only one dey is got to satisfy, an' he's mighty easy to satisfy—whuh' dey's a little money dat might come his way."

This kind of talk was too convincing to make Pete feel very comfortable. He knew that all Kid said was true. Dr. Shade could be fixed—Pete knew that. Perhaps there was some flaw . . . Pete would see. . . .

But Rebus was too much for the old man when he hastily looked up the young heir. Pete tried in a hundred ways to trip the husky, scar-faced young negro, but Hector had gotten in his work well. Rebus was a well-trained animal. So well was he trained that he was almost willing to believe himself the genuine Bruno.

The more Pete investigated the more was he concinced that the rightful heir had arrived to claim his inheritance. Then—two nights after the arrival of the false Bruno in Tela, Pete stumbled onto something that made his old heart leap for joy.

It was at the Railroad saloon that Pete made the discovery that was to have so large a bearing on matters connected with the Skimley estate. Pete dropped in the saloon for a drink and while the old man was slowly sipping his gin, Hector and the negro posing as his son entered the place. After a few words to the bartender, the two men stepped into a little back room, resorted to sometimes by those with important business to transact.

To Pete, anxious to discover some flaw in the claims of the new arrival, this appeared suspicious. So, after finishing his drink, the old man stepped out the door, and slipped around to the back of the building.

Fortunately for Pete, Hector and his accomplice were sitting at a table near an open window. Pete could not hear much of the conversation, but heard enough. Rebus was after Hector for an additional advance. A disastrous crap game had placed Rebus again in

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1417 Court Blk., Sedalia, Mo.
References:—Third National Bank, Sadalia, Mo.
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the fundless class. Hector was more than averse to donating further funds until the affair should be settled. And then Rebus resorted to threats—Pete moved away. He had heard enough.

From the saloon, Pete hurried to find Kid Scoot. The two friends talked long and earnestly together, with the result that early the following morning, Kid Scoot left Tela on the Beatrice Adele, bound for Puerto Barrios, Guatemala.

REBUS JESSUP bade his friends at the Railroad saloon good-night and turned his steps toward the home of Hector Lammons. Rebus was happy, and he had cause to be. Three nights before he had made Hector come across with an additional fifty, and tonight he had cleaned up at least that much more in a short session with the bones. Everything was coming his way .

The twentieth would soon roll around and if Hector believed Rebus was going to be satisfied with anything less than half the wealth left by the Widow Skimley, he was a muchly mistaken man. Of course, there would be a row, but Rebus delighted in rows—he might in that event take all. Then, a boat and away.

Hector was a slick rascal and possessed of considerable brain, but Rebus, too, had brain. Rebus knew that he had Hector where that individual could not make much hulabaloo over Rebus' demands. Not many people around Tela trusted Hector any too much. . . . His business methods were not above reproach. . . . Hector needed a lesson—and Rebus figured that he was about to get it.

Immediately in front of the North Pole Ice Cream and Soft Drink Parlor, Rebus was brought to an abrupt halt. A huge hand reached out and grabbed him by the shoulder. The young negro whirled. "Who dat puttin' dey han' on me?"

"Easy, brudder," came a gruff voice. "Jes' let us step right in heah to de Nawf Pole, I is got bus'ness wid you."

Rebus swore. "Dey ain't nobody got no bus'ness wid me. Take yo' han's off'n me, less'n I's gwine——"

"You ain't gwine do nothin'!" The tone was menacing. "If'n you stahts any ruckus wid me, I's gwine drap you in yo' tracks. Come on heah."

Rebus decided he'd better come on. Once under the friendly lights of the North Pole, he took a careful look at his captor. What he saw made him glad that he hadn't started something. Rebus saw a big man—a husky man—a man with arms like a gorilla—hamlike hands and a long, lean jaw—chin thrust forward menacingly and eyes that spelled danger.

The big fellow turned to old Pete, who was waiting on a customer. "Mistuh Paggley, is you got a place 'roun' heah, whuh me an' dis gen'mun kin have a little private conversation?"

Pete nodded. "Suttinly, suh. Make yo'se'f at home in de back room dah. Huh! Heah's Kid Scoot jes' come in. Kid, fix de light back dah foh de gen-muns."

The two negroes followed Kid into a small room, fitted with two tables and half a dozen cane-bottomed chairs, and silently seated themselves while Kid lighted a smoky oil lamp.

After a moment Kid turned to the larger man. "Now, den, ev'thing is all right. Jes' you gen'muns tawk to yo' hearts contentment." Chuckling to himself, Kid left the room.

Rebus was growing decidedly nervous. Finally his mouth opened. "Whut you wants wid me?" he demanded of his captor.

The big fellow frowned. Understan' you is makin' out lak you's Hector Lammon's projeckin' son, Bruno."

Rebus nodded. "Dat's jes' who I is—Bruno Lammons—come home to mah Paw."

The big fellow stiffened. "Dat's a lie! I's de real an' genuine son, an' I's hearn 'bout dis trick you an' dat wuthless daddy o' mine is tryin to put over on me."

Rebus from the beginning had sensed trouble. Now he saw it in large, squashy chunks. His ordinarily brown skin turned a kind of ashy-green. His lips moved, but his tongue didn't.

Then the big fellow commenced giving Rebus information concerning Rebus. Information that puzzled Rebus. How this man knew these things. Rebus was blissfully unaware of the fact that Pete had overheard any of the conversation between Rebus and Hector.

Rebus, as he listened to the other man, not only felt that his goose was cooked; he knew that the fowl was already more than half devoured. The big fellow talked on and on. He was the out-talkin'est man Rebus ever had seed in all his natural bawn days.

"I's givin' you one chance," said the big man. "De Bluebird is in port heah, an' she's gwine leave in jes' 'bout one hour. She's gwine to Limon, Costa Rica. Eider you leaves heah on dat boat, or I beats you till you wishes you wuz daid—den I gwine beat you some mo'—den I gwine bus' yo' jaw—den I gwine kick yo' insides out—an' den—an' den I gwine put you in jail. Whut's yon' answer?"

Rebus gave the matter careful and hasty consideration. This man might be bluffing, but Rebus knew he wasn't—about the beating and kicking part, anyway. "I'se gwine 'way on de Bluebird," he announced.

The big fellow nodded. "You's got mo' sense'n I thought you had. Fuddermo, since you'n dat rascally pa o' mine is messed things up lak whut you is, you is gwine sign a paper I is a'ready fixted up, sayin' dat you ain't his projeckin' son, an' dat you is a low-down rascal, an' dat it wuz all a swindle."

Rebus was willing to sign anything to get away. He had heard something of Honduranean jails, and had no desire for further information, even if there should be enough left of him to put in jail when this man had finished.

The big man produced pen and paper. Then he called Pete and Kid into the room. "Us jes' wants you gen'muns to witness a little paper dis gen'mun is signin' and fixin' up," he told them.

With the paper signed and witnessed, the big man, with a powerful hand on the arm of Rebus, led him away. An hour later Rebus had left Tela behind him—never to return.

And then there was a meeting in the North Pole. The big fellow, addressed by Kid as Jaw Breaker Joe, was paid twenty-five dollars by Pete. Pete then received the document signed by Rebus Jeeter.

Old Pete laughed. "Kid said he thought you mout be over at Barrios. He heerd you come up dah fum Panama a while back."

Jaw Breaker Joe grunted. "Yeh. Been doin' a little fightin' 'roun' dah. Got to git back on de Beatrice Adele in de mawnin', 'cause I's got a fight on fo' day a'ter tomorrow night. Dese little sailboats lak'n to de Kate Esau, de Beatrice Adele an' de Concord sho' done come in handy. Dey 'lows to make a trip whenever I wants to."

Pete nodded. "Sho do. An' I almos' fo'got. Heah's yo' ticket back on de boat."

The big fellow slipped the boat ticket in his pocket and started for the door. "So long." Then he turned and laughed. "You know, I b'lieve dat niggah almost thought I wuz Hector Lammons's boy sho' 'nough. But dat wa'nt whut he wuz thinkin' 'bout mainly—he had in min' dat beatin' he thought he wuz gwine git. Jes' any time you needs anuder projeckin' son, let me know."

The moment the Beatrice Adele sailed with Jaw Breaker Joe on board, Pete and Kid called on Hector Lammons. There was a stormy interview, but Hector, being a wise man, realized when he was beaten, and a truce was reached by which Hector would make no further effort to secure the Widow Skimley's money in consideration of Pete not prosecuting him in the courts on a charge of fraud.

Dr. Shade was then seen and readily agreed that with no Bruno Lammons present, the money would have to be paid over to the lodge.

PETE and Dr. Percy Shade turned slowly away from Baldwin & Company's Puerto Cortez store and walked slowly down the street. For several seconds neither man spoke. Finally old Pete snorted:

"Dat white man sho' Lawd is off'n his kazip if'n he thinks I's gwine pay any twenty-five dollahs an' fo'ty-fo' cents dat fool daid an' gone Widder Skimley overdrawed 'g'inst dat money she had on exposit wid his firm."

Shade shook his head. "He doesn't expect you to replace the money," said he in his fairly good English that always got on Pete's nerves. "Mr. Baldwin was merely joking when he said the money would have to be returned by the lodge."

Pete grunted. "Esplain to me, doctah, jes' how dis mess is nohow."

Shade smiled. "Mrs. Skimley deposited four thousand dollars with Baldwin & Company, as shown by the receipts she held at the time of her death——"

Shade paused. After a moment he

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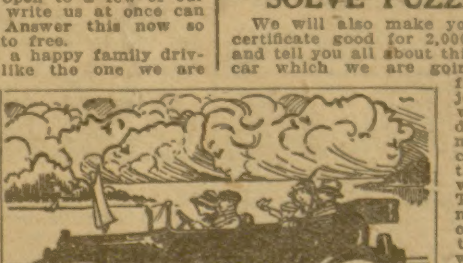

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This picture shows a happy family driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In the scenery are six partly hidden faces. Can you find them? Try it. If you do, we will give you a beautiful

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When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out this advertisement and mail it to us and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., and the beautiful free surprise present which we will send you. It will be a surprise to you and you will delight in owning this present.

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We will also make you a present of a certificate good for 2,000 free auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are going to give away free. Also valuable jewelry, silverware, bicycles, dishes, cameras, moving picture machines and other things you like, without contest. Things for every man, woman, boy or girl who enter the contest. We will also send you a copy of two different national publications.

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Auto Puzzle Dept. 9, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

continued. "Then she issued orders on Baldwin & Company against that deposit. Those orders amounted to four thousand, twenty-five dollars and forty-four cents. Seems as if she had the habit of giving or making 'way with her wealth more than one ort. I imagine the old lady hadn't kept very strict account and had given more orders than she thought she had.

"In any event——" Shade shook his head. "Baldwin & Company is out a few dollars thru the fault of some one in that firm's office in not keeping as close check on the account as they should have, and some other people are out considerable time and scheming."

Pete frowned. Suddenly his mouth opened and words came forth: "Things is gittin' so dat a man whut is on de square ain't got no chance—sometimes I's a good min' to git tricky mahse'f."

The old negro removed his time-worn hat and scratched his bald and shiny head.

"Huh!" he snorted, "if'n fo'ks whut's got wills an' projeckin' sons knows whut's good foh 'em, dey sho' gwine stay 'way fum me a'ter dis."

* * *

Of course, Herman, a girl always likes to say "no" the first time a man proposes, just to find out what he will do next.

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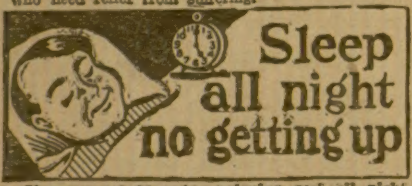
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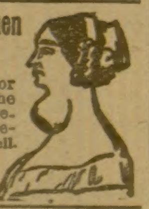

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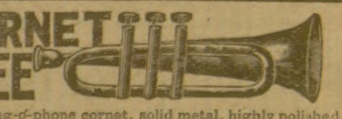

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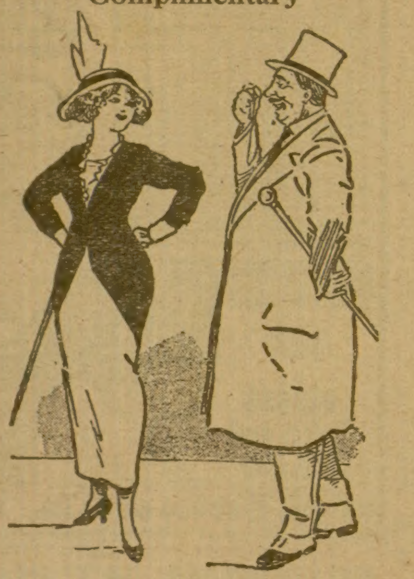


He—By Jove, you're ripping!
She—Good heavens, where?

The Listeners.

"We will sound a note of defiance to the world," exclaimed the Sovietist in the limousine.

"Yes," returned the Sovietist on foot; "but who wants to hear any more notes of defiance? What we are listening for is the dinner bell."

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

"Your Little Eva was very good for so small a child. How long has she been playing the part?"

"Twenty years."

His Prying Days Are Over.

"Who is the melancholy individual?"

"He was a censor during the war."

"But why should he be so cast down now."

"He's in the postal service and handles thousands of letters every day that he isn't permitted to open."

Luring Him Back.

"There are a great many 'human interest' stories to be found in the 'want' advertisements."

"Well?"

"For instance, here's one in which Mary says: 'Come home, John, I've sold the poodle.'"

Different Viewpoints.

"What's this about dancing till the 'wee sma' hours'?" inquired Mr. Cumrox.

"You mean in the item about our party last night?"

"That's what I mean. They've got to take that back. While I was up in my room waiting for a chance to get to sleep those were about the largest, longest hours I ever experienced."

Her Looks.

"Yes, I'm engaged to a girl with a million dollars."

"What does she look like?"

"Like a million dollars."

Going With the Crowd.

"I hear that your wife voted with the overwhelming majority."

"She did," replied Mr. Meekton.

"The situation evidently claimed her studious attention. But you can always trust Henrietta for following the fashion."

One Detail.

Socialist Lecturer—What is needed in the education of the public is to abolish all class distinctions.

Youthful Teacher—But how are we going to do without them in the schools?

Psychological.

Wilson and Wilton were discussing the moralities when the first put this question:

"Well, what is conscience, anyhow?"

"Conscience," said Wilton, who prides himself upon being a bit of a pessimist, "is the thing we always believe should bother the other fellow."

Her Dilemma.

"I'm worried about my complexion, doctor. Look at my face."

"You'll have to diet."

"I never thought of that. What color would suit me best, do you think?"

The Goods All Right.

First Gossip—Don't tell a soul, but I saw a whole barrel of whisky delievered to the Topeleys this afternoon in broad daylight.

Second Gossip—How'd yout know it was whisky.

First Gossip—Why, Topeley himelf helped the delivery man handle it with care.

Brain Teasers.

Enigma.

45—My first is in eight but not in ate.
My second is in buoy but not in boy.
My third is in sleigh but not in slay.
My fourth is in hare but not in hair.
My whole means very large.

Charades.

46—I am composed of two syllables.
My first is in beg.
My second is certain.
My whole we all derive from summer time.

Numerical Enigma.

47—I am composed of six letters, which spell a very common nut.
My 1-5-4-5 is a play used in football.
My 4-3-1-2 is a part of the neck.

A Dickens Ladder.

48—The uprights of this ladder spell the names of two famous male characters from Martin Chuzzlewit and David Copperfield.

. .
. .
1. . . . . . . 1. A river in France.
2. . . . . . . 2. A sharp instrument.
3. . . . . . . 3. A quality of voice.
4. . . . . . . 4. At a distance.
5. . . . . . . 5. An ancient philoso-
6. . . . . . . 6. An animal. [pher.
. .
. .

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

41—Anagram.

White.

42—A Bird Puzzle.

1. Adjutant. 2. Lyre bird. 3. Lark. 4. Nightingale. 5. Crane. 6. Ptarmigan. 7. Turkey. 8. Cardinal. 9. Catbird. 10. Rail. 11. Humming bird. 12. Wren.

43—Riddle.

Cricket.

44—Word Square.

P L A Y
L A N E
A N N A
Y E A R

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

* * *

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

* * *

GALLSTONE TROUBLES

A new booklet, written by Dr. E. E. Paddock, Box 5 P 201, Kansas City, Mo., tells of improved method of treating catarrhal inflammation of the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts associated with Gall Stones, from which remarkable results are reported. Write for booklet and free trial plan.—Adv.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

—Adv.

Rheumatism

A Remarkable Home Treatment Given by One Who Had It

In the year of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Sub-Acute Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who are thus afflicted know for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, but such relief as I obtained was only temporary. Finally, I found a treatment that cured me completely and such a pitiful condition has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, even bedridden, some of them seventy to eighty years old, and the results were the same as in my own case.

"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."

I want every sufferer from any form of muscular and sub-acute (swelling at the joints) rheumatism, to try the great value of my improved "Home Treatment" for its remarkable healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address, and I will send it free to try. After you have used it, and it has proven itself to be that long-looked for means of getting rid of such forms of rheumatism, you may send the price of it, One Dollar, but understand I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer, when relief is thus offered you free. Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, 1139 G, Durston Bldg.,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible Above statement true.

Open the Door to Motherhood

Was there ever a normal woman who didn't want a baby? The answer is in the many, many requests from childless couples for a free booklet "NATURA," written by a practicing physician.

Any couple who have the unsatisfied heart hunger for children, who have wished they could overcome the mysterious condition that bars them from the joys of parenthood, should write at once for a free copy of this helpful book.

"NATURA," the basis of a simple home treatment described as stimulating Nature to overcome the conditions attendant on sterility, has met with marvelous success. The normal happy home life is one in which there are little ones and every woman who longs for this should consider it a duty to investigate and learn what "NATURA" is.

This little booklet will be sent in plain envelope without charge or obligation on your part. It explains so many things vitally interesting to all women and all you need do is simply send name today to

LYLE CHEMICAL CO.
14 Lyle Bldg. Kansas City, Mo

SEX Instruction

Only an experienced woman physician could give the information contained in

"Facts You Do Not Know"

Hundreds have found this frank sex treatise a true guide to happiness. "Worth $500 to me," Says a Denver Lawyer.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send $2.00 today for "Facts You Do Not Know" and get my scientific Booklet "Just How" on body care FREE. Money returned if not satisfactory. No orders accepted from persons under 18. Descriptive Literature on request.

Emma J. Covey, M. D., 605 Exchange Bldg., DENVER, COLO.

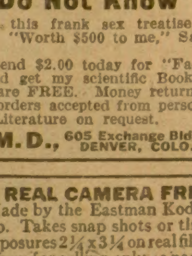
GENUINE EASTMAN

A REAL CAMERA FREE Made by the Eastman Kodak Co. Takes snap shots or time exposures 2¼ x 3¼ on real film Given for selling only 40 packets Garden Seeds at 10c each. Write quick.

WILSON SEED COMPANY
Dept. M80, Tyrone, Pa.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED

Free Proof To You



J. C. Hutzell, R. P.
DRUGGIST

All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment. I want you just to try this treatment—that's all—**Just try it.** That's my only argument.

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 20 years. I am Secretary of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over **fourteen thousand five hundred** Men, Women and Children outside of Fort Wayne have, according to their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

If you have **Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum, Tetter**—never mind how bad—my treatment has cured the worst cases I ever saw—**give me a chance to prove my claim.**

Send me your name and address on the coupon below and get the trial treatment I want to send you FREE. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be **proof.**

CUT AND MAIL TODAY

J. C. HUTZELL, Druggist, 3916 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name.. Age..................
Post Office.. State..................
Street and No. ....

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information--The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

AGENTS WANTED

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME TRYING TO sell to white people. Our agents are cleaning up enormous profits selling Hair Dressing and Skin Whitener Soap to colored people. Colored people are simply crazy over it and will buy every time. 100% profit for you. Write for attractive proposition and get some of this easy money yourself. Marcellene Company, 618 East Main Street, Richmond, Virginia.

OLD WORN OUT CASINGS WILL GIVE 3 to 5 thousand miles more service with Insyde Tyres. Just slip inside casing before replacing tube. No tools needed. Will not heat or pinch. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Guaranteed double tire mileage. Any tire. Low priced. Agents wanted in every county. American Accessories Co., B-813, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AMAZING KEROSENE LAMP BURNER, generates own gas with patented carbureter. Produces big white light. Smokeless, odorless. Entirely new. Sensational sales made easy. Sell several every home. Exclusive territory going fast. Retail price 50c. Special agent's selling outfit, including three burners, $1.00. Vapolite Co., Dept. 211, Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS; REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT, SOMEthing new. Latest style. Not sold in stores. Guaranteed waterproof. Two coats for the price of one. No capital required. We deliver and collect. Write for territory and sample. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 1411, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

EVERY READER OF THE BLADE OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

AGENTS, $40 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE samples. Gold sign letters anyone can put on store windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 M, North Clark Chicago.

HOW TO START IN BUSINESS FOR YOURself—A little book sent free to men and women anxious to make money by working part or full time. Clows Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 4-A.

BIG PROFITS SELLING DUPLEX TRANSformers. Every auto owner needs them. Saves gas. Banish spark plug trouble. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 520 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

$5 TO $10 A DAY SURE—AND MORE IF you want it, working for us among your friends. Write today for complete details and demonstrating outfit. Christy, 102-A Union, Newark, N. Y.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS — MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

MAKE $30 A WEEK TAKING ORDERS FOR pictures of the inauguration. 16x20 sample 50c. (Money order.) Capital Picture Co., 2 North 41st St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD, necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

WE PAY $200 MONTHLY SALARY AND furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X-520, Springfield, Ill.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kans.

AGENT—WITH LARGE PORTRAIT EXPErience for sales manager. Turner Co., Brady Blk., Aurora, Ill.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN-WOMen over 17. Hundreds positions. $135-$195 month. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MONEY IN SPARETIME CLIPPING ADS for us. Instructions, contract, 10c, refunded if dissatisfied. Cope Advertising Agency, St. Louis, Mo.

START A CANDY KITCHEN; EARN $100 to $500 weekly; own home; anywhere; I tell how. Hyde, Box 241, San Francisco.

LOST RELATIVE

MR. WESLEY MISNER, INGERSOLL, CANada, wishes to find his uncle, Walter Misner, 75. Last heard from Monmouth, Ill. Suitable reward for information.

WATCHES—JEWELRY

21 JEWEL WATCH $4.99! ALL MAKES about half regular price. Agents wanted. List free. Rex Co., Andover, Ohio.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—1500 RAILWAY TRAFFIC INspectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. HUNdreds wanted. $35 week. Learn while earning. Write. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 804, Rochester, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT CLERKS NEEDED BADLY (men-women), $1600-$2300. Permanent. Few to travel. Write Mr. Ozment, Former Government Examiner, 106, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200, colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective. 100 St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

HANDY MEN—EARN $10 DAILY—CLEAN—adjust typewriters. Swartz, Box 445, Peoria, Ill.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING THOSE DEsiring plain sewing machine work at home. No experience required. City, country. No canvassing. To prevent curiosity seekers send twelve cents, sample. Information. Good Wear Cloth Co., Asbury Park, N. J.

EARN $5-$10 WEEKLY, ADDRESSING, mailing circulars. Instructions 12c. Money back if dissatisfied. Palace Mailing Co., Toledo, O.

WANTED WOMEN—BECOME DRESS DEsigners. $45 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 859, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

CLERKS (MEN, WOMEN, OVER 17) FOR postal mail service. $120 monthly. Examinations March-April. Experience unnecessary. Free particulars of instruction. J. Leonard (former Civil Service examiner), 1067 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

EVERY READER OF THE BLADE OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MEDICAL

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLADder trouble, causing backache, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

A WORKMAN RECENTLY INVESTED $300 in a Breckenridge oil royalty. In a few weeks his investment grew to $30,000. Can you invest $50 or more in a proven Breckenridge royalty? This is your opportunity. No stock to sell. For free particulars write F. O. Harrell, Royalty Specialist, 226 Oil Exchange Bldg., Wichita Falls, Texas.

A FEW DOLLARS PER ACRE NOW BUYS leases that may be worth millions in few months. Big company to drill at once. Buy now. Derrick is built. Machinery has been shipped. Geologists say "Biggest oil field in Texas." Full information address T. C. Green, 622 Binz Bldg., Houston, Tex.

OIL MAP OF TEXAS FREE TO THOSE INterested in making investment in company with 50 acres adjoining lease that brought in world's richest gusher, Abrams No. 1. Particulars free. West Columbia Company, 706 Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

FREE MAP AND TRUE STORY OF THE wonder gusher field of wealth. Where thousands have suddenly become rich. A new gusher almost daily. Abner Davis System Bank, Fort Worth, Texas.

$2.00 MONTHLY INVESTED IN STOCK OR grain on our plan should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Provident Company, 628 Exchange Building, Denver, Colo.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

$1000 ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD BONDS (defaulted) for sale cheap. All coupons attached. Write today. Bonds, Box 1055, Millville, New Jersey.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

MAKE $25.00 TO $50.00 NIGHTLY. WE furnish professional machine, films, supplies, etc., suitable for traveling or stationary use. No experience needed. We teach you this business. Little money required. Easy payments. Large catalog free. Dept. 600, Monarch Theatre Supply Co., 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS. BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Edina, Mo.

FOR SALE

150 ACRES IN MISSOURI OZARKS; 100 in white oak timber. Good house, barn, cistern. On hard surface road under construction. $25 per acre. Sawmill on place. E. E. Haire, Bedford, Mo.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN, $5 monthly buys 40 acres productive land. Near town. Price $200. Box 425 S, Carthage, Mo.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LAND SALE! HARDWOOD LAND IN ANtrim, Kalkaska, and Otsego counties, Mich., at only $15 to $30 per acre. Small down payment, easy terms. An opportunity to get a farm home close to markets, schools, churches and railroads at a bargain price. Some tracts on lakes and streams. Write today for big free booklet. Swigart, X-1245, First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY SPECIAL NUMBER JUST OUT, containing 1921 facts of clover land in Marinette County, Wisconsin. If for a home or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, where farmers grow rich, send at once for this special number of Landology. It is free on request. Address Skidmore-Riehle Land Co., 26 Skidmore-Riehle Bldg., Marinette, Wisc.

LOST HEIRS

"LOST HEIRS," A 400-PAGE BOOK, FILLED with names, for lost heirs and missing kin, from different parts of the world. Chancery court of England, Ireland and Bank of England lists included. Price $1. International Claim Agency, Dept. 169, Pittsburgh, Pa.

OLD COINS

OLD COINS WANTED. WE PAY UP TO $100.00 each for certain dates of gold dollars. Premiums paid on some coins as late as 1916. Thousands of coins wanted. Many are in circulation. Watch your change and get posted. Send 4c. Get our large illustrated Coin Circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

COLLECT OLD COINS FOR PLEASURE and profit. Send only 10c. Get large old U. S. copper cent, nearly size of half-dollar and illustrated coin catalogue. Send now. B. Max Mehl, Coin Dealer, Dept. Y, Mehl Building, Fort Worth, Texas.

BOOKS

"FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL" mailed anywhere, 30c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., A, Syracuse, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

PATENTS

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATent should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONtains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS: $25-$300 PAID anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; complete outline free. Producers League, 420 St. Louis.

SONG POEMS WANTED

YOU WRITE WORDS FOR A SONG—WE write the music, publish, and secure a copyright. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 914 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 212, Chicago, Illinois.

WRITE A SONG POEM—LOVE, MOTHER, home. Comic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Edward Trent, 649 Reaper Block, Chicago.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE compose music and guarantee publication. Submit poem. Broadway Studios, 218 Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

WRITE A SONG POEM—I COMPOSE MUsic and guarante publication. Send poem today. E. Hanson, 3810 Broadway, Room 113, Chicago.

PERSONAL

EVERY READER OF THE BLADE OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WOULD YOU MARRY HEALTH, WEALTH, beauty? Write Lillian Sproul, Sta. H, Cleveland, Ohio. (Stamp)

MAN OF HEALTH, WEALTH AND REFINEment considering marriage. Ladies, write me. Box 684, Dennison, Ohio.

MEN AND WOMEN IF WEAK OR RUNdown, my treatment will help you. Mail $1. Circular free. Dr. T. Pierce, Seattle, Wash.

WRITE MRS. WILLARD, BOX 749, CHIcago, Illinois, if you want a wonderful little wife.

LADY RANCH OWNER WANTS HUSBAND to help her. K, Box, 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WEALTHY BUSINESS MAN, 45, WOULD marry. D, Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

MARRY RICH—PAPER WITH NAME, ADdresses, descriptions, pictures, 25c. Sent sealed. Box 1511 B, Memphis, Tenn.

MARRIAGEABLE WIDOW, $55,000 INDUCEment. Mrs. Pearce, Box 3144, Jacksonville, Fla.

LONELY MAIDEN, 27, WOULD MARRY. Write for picture. Box 150B, Syracuse, N. Y.

BACHELOR, 33, WORTH $35,000, WANTS wife. Z, Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

WEALTHY WIDOW, 30, WILL MARRY. B, Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

ARE YOU LONELY OR UNHAPPY? CHEER up. The king of matchmakers will send you the queen of correspondence papers (mailed in a plain sealed envelope), without obligating you and no follow-up mail to coax or bother you. Pay later if you wish. Gents' membership $2. Ladies' membership free. Strictly confidential plan (established in 1911). We have your soul-mate of your nationality and your religion. Address, Happy Home Magazine, 211 Presto Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; IF you get up in the morning with a dull brain, tired nerves, an ache in the back, a dread of the toil and hardships of every day life, these are signs that some of the organs or functions of your body are not in a healthy condition and should have attention at once. We cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE tried or how old your case our tablet preparation rapidly overcomes all such conditions; it gives greater strength, restores in less time and at less cost than anything under the sun. The tablet with the wonderful reputation. $1 per box, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Co., Dept. A, Station E, Box 50, Toledo, Ohio.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE CAN find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. WORTH to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. People's Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

BE WISE—READ OUR NEW BOOK: "MODern Matrimony" for scientific facts about marriage, modern sex problems, etc. Price $1.00, postpaid. Modern Pub. Co., 844 San Fernando Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS. Hundreds wealthy. Best, most successful. Write, be convinced. Confidential. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS? Embarrassed in company? These troubles overcome. Write for particulars. Correspondence confidential. A. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

MARRY; MOST SUCCESSFUL "HOME Maker;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

EVERY READER OF THE BLADE OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

BALDNESS. INDIANS' GENUINE RECIPE for growing hair. Astonishing results after all else failed. Proof box, 10 cents, postpaid. Kotalko Offices, BH-473, Station X, New York.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., 1219B, Camden, N. J.

HANDSOME, CONGENIAL YOUNG LADY worth $100,000 is anxious to marry honorable, worthy gentleman. Katherine, 508 Lankershim Bld'g., Los Angeles, Cal.

MARRY. BEST, LARGEST. ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—THOUSANDS PRETTY women, handsome men, hundreds wealthy. List for stamp. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions. Booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.

NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PICtures and descriptions of beautiful ladies sent free to any one upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

BUSINESS MAN, AGE 29, CORRESPOND with young ladies. Object matrimony. Property. Box H, Washtucna, Wash. Photos exchanged.

WIVES WANTED FOR PROSPEROUS Western men—business, professional, railroad, miners, ranchers, etc. Ages 18 to 50. Confidential. Write Box 598, Pueblo, Colo.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; description and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

FATTEN UP—CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSness overcome, infallible home remedy, recipe one dollar, with guarantee. R. C. Tuthill, 517½ Dakota Street, Butte, Montana.

GET MARRIED — MANY WEALTHY clients desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

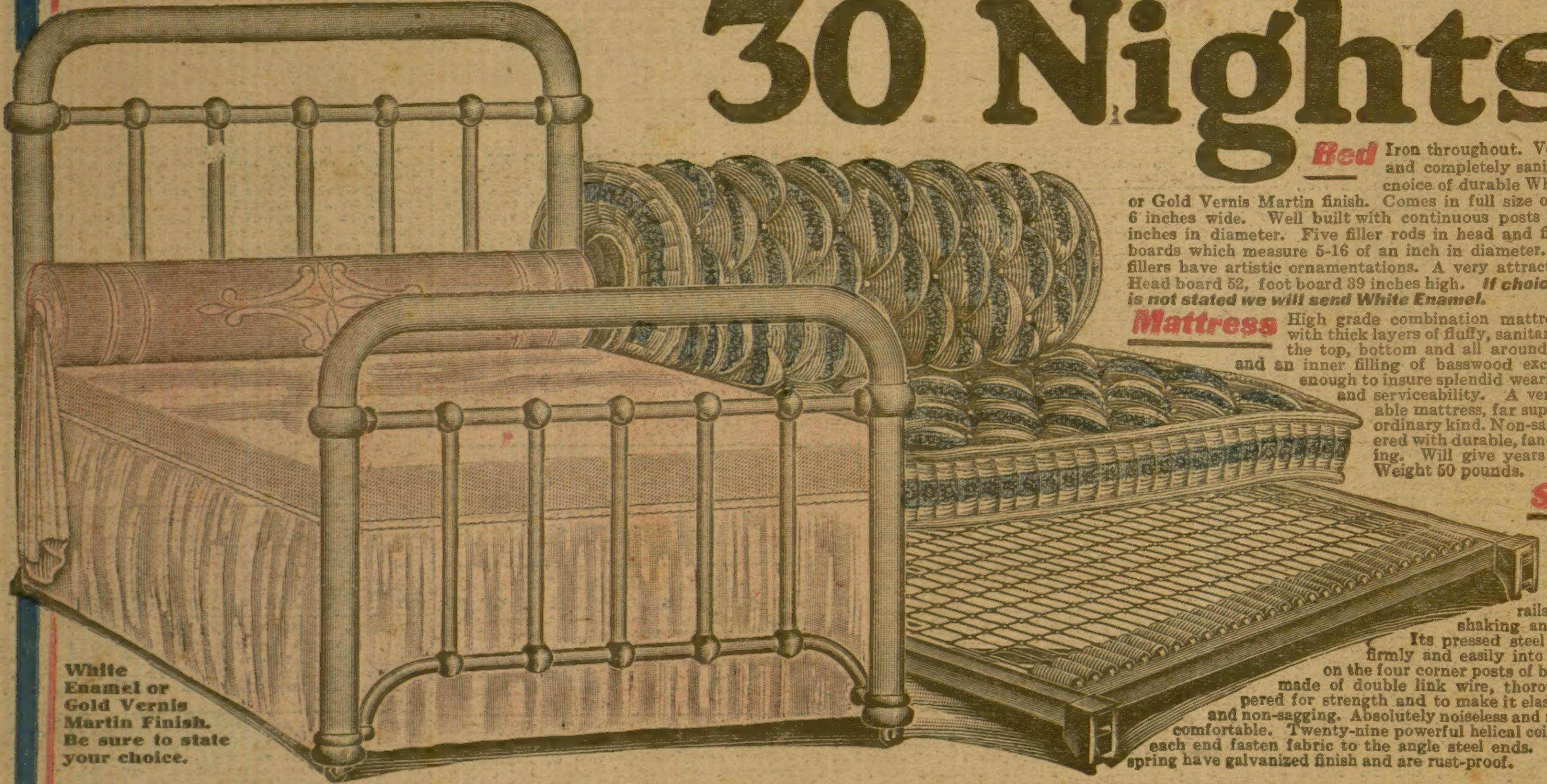
MARRY—THOUSANDS; WORTH $5,000 TO $400,000; willing to marry; list free. Ralph Hyde, San Francisco, Cal.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORRESpondence Club." Particulars free. Address, Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

Sleep In This Bed 30 Nights



Bed Iron throughout. Vermin-proof and completely sanitary. Your choice of durable White Enamel or Gold Vernis Martin finish. Comes in full size only: 4 feet, 6 inches wide. Well built with continuous posts 1 and 1-16 inches in diameter. Five filler rods in head and five in footboards which measure 5-16 of an inch in diameter. Posts and fillers have artistic ornamentations. A very attractive design. Head board 52, foot board 39 inches high. ***If choice of finish is not stated we will send White Enamel.***

Mattress High grade combination mattress. Filled with thick layers of fluffy, sanitary cotton at the top, bottom and all around the edges, and an inner filling of basswood excelsior, just enough to insure splendid wearing quality, and serviceability. A very comfortable mattress, far superior to the ordinary kind. Non-sagging. Covered with durable, fancy, art ticking. Will give years of service. Weight 50 pounds.

Spring Unusually strong. Made in one piece with side rails to prevent shaking and rattling. Its pressed steel corners fit firmly and easily into iron hooks on the four corner posts of bed. Spring made of double link wire, thoroughly tempered for strength and to make it elastic, flexible and non-sagging. Absolutely noiseless and remarkably comfortable. Twenty-nine powerful helical coil springs at each end fasten fabric to the angle steel ends. Fabric and spring have galvanized finish and are rust-proof.

White Enamel or Gold Vernis Martin Finish. Be sure to state your choice.

A Smashing PRICE-CUT!

The Easiest Monthly Payments

Let me prove that this is the Biggest and Best Outfit Bargain that has ever been offered you. Let me send it to you on 30 Days' Trial and Use — to sleep in by night and admire by day; to use in every way as if it were your own, all at My Risk. To do each day's work cheerfully, with a song in your heart; to be happy and healthy and strong, you must rest well — you must greet each morn clear-eyed and buoyant from a perfect night's sleep.

That this bed will give perfect repose, and beautify any room in which it is placed, I more than guarantee. I let you, yourself, decide after a month's trial.

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White Enamel or Gold Vernis Martin Finish. Be careful to state your choice.

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A small first payment of $1.00 brings the complete Outfit—Bed, Mattress and Spring—right to your door. If you decide to keep it you send us the little, never-missed payment of $2 every month. You enjoy the use of the outfit while you are paying. You will not be bothered by collectors or agents. All my business is transacted Confidentially by Mail.

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Nathaniel Spear
President

SPEAR & CO.

Dept. C, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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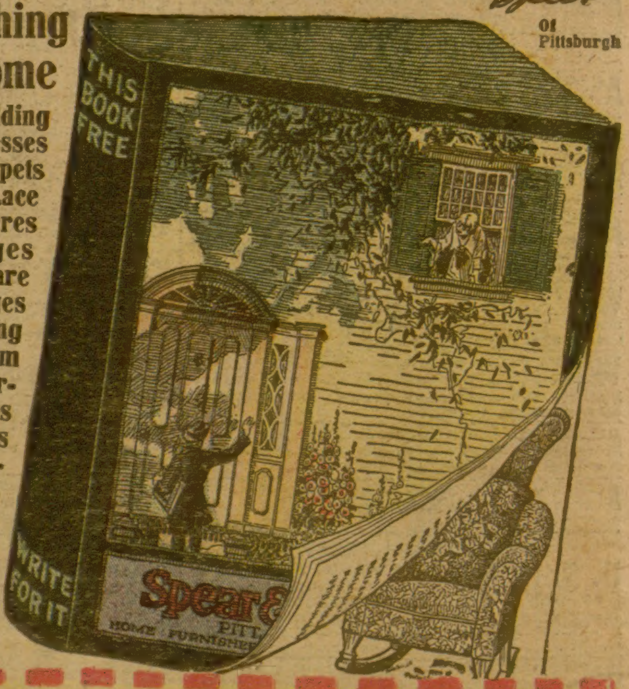

Spear & Co., Dept. C, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once Bed Outfit No. K 325 as described above. Enclosed is $1.00 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of the 30 days' trial I decide to keep it, I will send you $2.00 monthly. Total price $26.45. Send me your Big Free Catalog also. Please write or print name and address plainly.

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